

THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts
and Public Affairs

Volume XIX

New York, Friday, April 6, 1934

Number 23

EDITORIAL BOARD

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor
GEORGE N. SHUSTER, Managing Editor
MARY KOLARS, Assistant Editor
FREDERIC THOMPSON, Assistant Editor

JOHN F. MCCORMICK, Business Manager



EDITORIAL COUNCIL

CARLTON J. H. HAYES
T. LAWRASON RIGGS
RICHARD DANA SKINNER
JAMES J. WALSH

TABLE OF CONTENTS

The Lesson of the Holy Year.....	617	Catholic Spain in Action....James A. Magner	629
Week by Week.....	618	The Literary Life of Cork....Seumas O'Brien	632
In the Midst of Plenty.....	621	This Wind (<i>verse</i>).....Witter Bynner	633
Shall We Ban Child Labor?.....		Easter in the Ukraine...Nathalie Troubetskoy	633
George N. Shuster	623	Communications.....	634
"America's" Anniversary.....James J. Walsh	625	The Play.....Richard Dana Skinner	637
Chlorophyll (<i>verse</i>).....Clifford J. Laube	626	Books.....John A. O'Brien,	
Delegate to Washington....Robert Whitcomb	627	Ross J. S. Hoffman, E. O'Malley,	
The Startled Heron (<i>verse</i>).....		George N. Shuster, Eric Devine	638
Robert P. Tristram Coffin	628		

Previous issues of THE COMMONWEAL are indexed in the *Readers' Guide* and the *Catholic Periodical Index*.
Published weekly and copyrighted, 1934, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal,
70 East 45th Street, New York, N. Y. United States: \$5.00; Foreign: \$6.00; Canada: \$5.50. Single copies: \$.10.

THE LESSON OF THE HOLY YEAR

ON EASTER SUNDAY, the Holy Year proclaimed by Pope Pius XI in commemoration of the passion, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ, came to its end. The special pilgrimage doors of St. Peter's Church and of the other great basilicas of Rome, which are opened only in the years of solemn jubilee, of which twenty-four in all have been celebrated by the Church since the custom began, were closed again. Through those doors more than a million pilgrims from all parts of the world have passed since Easter of 1933. From Asia, Africa, China, Japan, all regions of Europe, all districts of North and South America, from the islands of the Seven Seas, men and women and children of all races and nations, all classes of society, have traveled to the center of Christendom. By airship, and steamship, and sailing ship, in trains and motor cars, on bicycles, or on foot—many of the walkers carrying heavy crosses on their shoulders—the pilgrims came and went throughout the year. They saw and were blessed by the Vicar of Christ; they heard him speak to them; they prayed at the holy shrines; and hundreds of thousands were

present at the ceremonies when the names of nine men and women were written down as saints and seven others among the blessed in the Book of Life, kept by the Church, as a visible reminder of that greater Book of the Elect whose names are known only in heaven. One of these ceremonies was held on Easter Sunday itself, that of the canonization of Saint John Bosco.

Varied indeed were the lives, the characters, the abilities, and the works, of those sixteen men and women thus recognized by the infallible Church, and set up before her other children as inspirations, as guides and as helpers. There were the three Jesuit missionaries martyred in South America, centuries ago. There was Saint Bernadette Soubirous, the peasant girl to whom the Mother of Christ appeared and spoke at Lourdes, and opened those springs of healing, for both body and soul, to which so many millions go every year. There were great priests, founders of vast organizations of education and charity, and women great as they in their mighty labors—Saint Joseph Cottolengo, Saint Andrew Fournet, Saint Louise de Marillac, Saint Maria Micaela, and others

whose institutions live after them, served by thousands of devoted sons and daughters, spread throughout the world. And there were others, not founders of active organizations: like the Carmelite, Saint Theresa Margaret Redi, whose incorrupt body is enshrined at Florence, and the Blessed Gemma Galgani, the humble lay Sister—mystics whose lives were devoted solely to prayer, and to whom supernatural gifts were given in marvelous abundance. In all these sixteen instances, indeed, not only heroic virtues had to be proven through judicial processes as strict and as searching as in any known court of law, but also miracles, wrought after their deaths, following upon prayers made through their intercession, to God.

What will the world outside the Catholic world make of all this?

At Christmas, an immense sensation was caused by what the *Osservatore Romano*, the semi-official organ of the Holy See, referred to as "the terrible silence" of the Pope, when in his allocution to the cardinals His Holiness refrained from speaking about the present extraordinary tension and critical condition of world affairs. A well-informed writer in the *Clergy Review*, the Reverend R. L. Smith, says that the Pontiff's silence was all the more remarkable "in view of the rumor in Rome that he has prepared an encyclical on the relations of Church and State, but that he is holding this back until a more favorable moment for its publication." And Dr. Smith continues: "The most terrible thing about this silence is its reason. The Pope will not speak because the nations will not listen. It is obvious that the Pope, being unable both in fact and from choice to use force, can only influence world politics through public opinion; and today public opinion is becoming increasingly divorced from Christian principles. He speaks a language which is simply not understood by the majority of men, and therefore both his diagnosis and his prescription go unheeded. This is a catastrophe for the world, but it is also a catastrophe for Catholicism. It means an increasing tension between the Church and the State whose laws and customs are every day becoming more widely divided. And as the tolerance of nineteenth-century Liberalism is discredited on account of the chaos it has produced, the prospect of active persecution grows daily more alarming. . . . Some welcome the coming of persecution, saying that it has never done the Church anything but good. This is the silliest thought-shirking. In the past, persecution has torn whole provinces from the Faith and deprived innocent people for centuries of the sacraments. It is true that the faithful remnant who survive any particular persecution will be the finer and firmer Catholics in consequence; but they will have lost, probably for generations, all influence in the councils of their country, which therefore

strays further and further from the path of God's law and of right reason. Persecution is an evil to be prevented wherever possible, and persecution has already broken out in three countries during the present pontificate. Has the Holy Father nothing to say about all this?"

The writer answers his own question when he points out that for a whole year—since Easter, 1933—the Pope has been "preaching a vast retreat to the entire Church, bidding us meditate on the Redemption, on that source whence springs all our supernatural power." He has been speaking to those who do understand his language, to those who, now that the Holy Year is over, and filled with the spirit of Easter, must go forth to convert the world again as their spiritual forefathers did in the beginning of the Gospel, and as the descendants of those forefathers did time after time when other periods of crisis and struggle came upon the world. Perhaps the fact that throughout the Holy Year the great examples of personal work, personal sanctity, guided by and in cooperation with the Church of Christ, were held up over and over again, plainly reveals the chief thing which the Holy Father desires his children to learn as the dark tides of conflict rise up and roar around the Christian minorities scattered among the paganized nations of the world.

WEEK BY WEEK

WHETHER the issues brought to the fore by organized labor during the past week have been settled or whether they have merely been shelved for a time is a question the answer to which depends upon the ultimate success of the NRA idea. This was necessarily at first a general principle, the application of which to concrete situations will require much time and skill. During the clash between the Automobile Manufacturers and the American Federation, which threatened disaster to more than one industry and to millions of people, the President once again demonstrated the efficiency of genuine political action. This is not based upon autocratic fiat nor upon weak concessionism. It is ultimately nothing else than ability to award a decision in accordance with reasonable evidence. The law as Mr. Roosevelt interpreted it calls for the organization of employees for collective bargaining but does not grant priority to any one formula of unionism. It also demands, from the point of view of public interest, as much arbitration as needed and as little strife as possible. Accordingly a board of three to decide upon disputes between employer and labor groups has been set up for the automotive industry. We cannot help feeling that this

Affairs
of the
Nation

solution, which opens a way for NRA administration to deal separately with the organization of large and vital industries, is far better than the centralized and almost necessarily arbitrary Labor Board which was sponsored by the Wagner Bill. It seems to us that the fundamental criticism of the NRA is that formulated by Walter Lippmann: the idea is good, the directing personnel is surprisingly able, but the attempt to do too much over too large an area involves the danger of being swamped either by details or by generalities. If relations between employers and workers in a few basic industries can be stabilized in a liberal manner, other problems will be settled almost automatically.

THE GENERAL labor situation is, of course, normal. A hankering after advantages springs eternal in the human breast, and labor has not had too many advantages. But underneath some recent excitement there may be seen a malady which is becoming very general and which is based, no doubt, upon some administration mistakes. Giving favors to one group of citizens—no matter how well justified their requests may be—means having to listen to demands from other groups. The House vote on the Veteran Bill is a good case in point: 209 Democrats jumped on the bandwagon which rumbled over the President's veto to the tune of 310 to 72. Rather surprisingly, the Senate followed suit; though relatively it was a somewhat less chaotic rout. The specter of election day was simply too ghastly a threat. This measure wipes out economies needed if the budget plan is to be more than an optimistic forecast, and it is also only a part of the gold-digging planned by veteran groups. Now that the Veteran Bill has passed, even as measures favoring silver and pig-raising have already passed, what is to induce teachers in New York (for example) to take further pay cuts without whimpering? One can go even farther. Why should anybody who has lost anything not insist upon getting a lift from Washington? It all depends, under the system endorsed by the House vote, upon how much political pressure can be brought to bear. The end of all this is greenbacks, and the end of greenbacks is chaos.

THE HONORABLE VICTOR J. DOWLING was a gentleman, a jurist, a humanist and a Catholic. His sudden death in New York on March 23 at the age of sixty-six must have been mourned by thousands to whom he had given something of his time or interest over a long period of years. Mr. Dowling's early manhood was devoted primarily to politics. It was the time when Tammany produced what is no doubt its best crop—young men anxious to help find a solution for social, economic and moral

problems through a wise use of the law. He was then, as he was to remain, definitely and squarely on the side of the angels. In 1924 he was appointed to the Supreme Court, First District bench, and there he began twenty-six years of activity as a judge. Few men have earned greater esteem as servants of the law, and doubtless Mr. Dowling's success was due in great measure to his genuine affection for the work. His service to the Church extended over a good many years and was extraordinarily varied. It ran the full gamut from strictly private acts of generosity to work under public scrutiny, and was rewarded less by the many ecclesiastical honors conferred upon him than by the friendly gratitude of very many individuals. The *Herald-Tribune* spoke for the whole of New York when it said editorially: "Foreign governments showered decorations upon him; two Popes knighted him; those who knew him respected him. His retirement two years ago was regarded as a loss to the bench. His passing on Friday was a loss to the community."

IT IS almost impossible to keep one's perspective on the rapidity with which history is fusing from week to week at present. The Philippine independence bill which provides for the complete independence of the Philippine Islands within ten to twelve years, is simply one more or less important item among many. This bill on a Monday passed the House by acclamation; on Thursday it passed the Senate by a vote of 68 to 8 and on Saturday it was signed by President Roosevelt. After decades of agitation by Filipino leaders for the independence of the islands, they have suddenly achieved their end. Until American sovereignty is completely withdrawn, a transition-period commonwealth government with a Filipino legislature and a Filipino chief executive will be set up, and the present American governor will be replaced by an American high commissioner. There will be the election of delegates to a constitutional convention and by degrees the Filipinos will erect their own machinery for the management of their affairs. The President signed the bill and the United State Senate passed it only after they had received what were considered ample assurances that the island legislature would ratify the present bill at once and not reject it as they did the Hawes-Cutting Independence Bill which was enacted over President Hoover's veto. Upon assumption of the full responsibilities of independence by the Filipinos, the United States army will be withdrawn and the present native constabulary become the army of a new sovereign republic.

THE UNITED STATES reserves the privilege only of maintaining certain naval bases and coaling

stations. It is intimated, however, that even these will be subject to negotiations with the new government and may eventually be abandoned. The Japanese foreign office has declared its willingness to enter into arrangements with the United States government guaranteeing the islands' independence. While there was a short, prearranged blowing of whistles and demonstration of rejoicing on the islands, reports of days following indicate a sudden sobering of the native leaders and business men as they faced the readjustment of no longer being inside the tariff walls of the United States, far and away the principal customer for the islands' commerce. Anyone who has known the intense desire of Filipino patriots for their independence, will appreciate that maintenance of the former status of relations between the islands and the United States would have been subjection of a kind to which the traditions of our country and the popular temper of our people would not permanently subscribe. So, like a benevolent uncle who watches with natural apprehension but restraint a young nephew who has reached his seniority strike out for himself in a dangerous world, our rôle seems to be one of fond abnegation, some apprehension and the best of wishes.

DICKENS'S "Life of Our Lord," long withheld from publication and now appearing serially in many newspapers, appears to be enjoying a goodly vogue. The great novelist was, beyond any doubt, a fervent and active Christian. Perhaps that is why one is daily becoming more aware of the novels he might have written. Take for example the story of Welfare Island, New York, which a little research is now proving one of the most incredibly vile places which American civilization has produced. After a raid on the prisons and the hospitals unearthed conditions beyond the power of words to castigate or even describe, a few impartial glimpses of the City Home for Dependents have revealed enough to make one's hair stand up still straighter. There is, for instance, old Charlie Johnson, one-time sailor of the seas, who during more than a year earned "four plugs of tobacco a week" supervising the clinic. He "operated" on three-score patients with a small pen-knife, opening infected wounds and dousing them with medicine. Meanwhile the superintendent (now missing) was, so it is said, chiefly engaged in building up his bank wad. What a novel Dickens would have made of this! He would in the first place have found out what was going on at Welfare Island, and then his book would have crashed like a bombshell. After all, our "revolutionary" novelists have taken life pretty easy. They have been smart, they have developed their theories, but they have seemingly failed to open their eyes.

DECRYING the publication of Dickens's "Life of Our Lord," Rabbi Louis Newman charges that the book "merely reinforces the ancient legend of Jewish guilt," and presents another example of that "unremitting emphasis on the morbid and unhappy end of Jesus" which "has encouraged hostility and hatred." We do not here enter any discussion of the book. We ourselves find it faulty on many grounds, though certainly not on the ground that it reinforces anything ancient. Our only purpose is to point out, as we have more than once done before, that the principle implicit in Rabbi Newman's protest is not well considered, or even intelligent. When he speaks of strengthening today "the legend of Jewish guilt," he twice begs the question: in assuming that the Jews involved in Our Lord's death were not guilty, and in assuming that guilt is imputed to their descendants. And when he suggests that the emphasis of Christians on Calvary be corrected, as a mere error, he shows weirdly little knowledge of the history or content of the Faith he is undertaking to put right.

To believing Christians, the death of Jesus Christ is no trivial accessory of their faith, to be discarded at the behest of those who find it painful to reflect on, or even of those who believe it has been historically falsified. It is the center of their faith. It is the term and purpose of the Incarnation. It is the Redemption of mankind. The ramifications of the doctrine of the atonement in theology are too tremendous to be broached here; though we will repeat our wonder that this type of Jewish apologist, in lamenting the Christian's belief in Jewish guilt, never speaks of the Christian's belief in the Christian's own guilt. Nor can we touch upon the relation of the story of Calvary to subsequent social history, beyond restating the substance of some of our detailed demonstration: that, so far as the modern world goes, no significant part of anti-Semitism anywhere is rooted in the Christian belief. Our one aim in this contracted space is to recall, in connection with Rabbi Newman's objection, the category of definition and the simpler processes of logic. A Christian is one who believes that he and all men were bought at a Price. To ask him to deny it, or to consent to forget it, is to ask him to be another Judas.

A YEAR ago we called attention to an interesting innovation in the way of art shows in New York. St. Anthony's Guild, of the Franciscan Monastery of Pater-son, had at that time arranged a Lenten exhibit of the pictures painted and drawn for it by C. Bosseron Chambers as a feature of the campaign

carried on by it for several years to provide a satisfactory popular religious art. The exhibition followed our announcement, and hence there was no opportunity for us at the time to chronicle its quite exceptional success. In all, several thousands of the public, Catholic and non-Catholic, viewed the pictures—something of a record for a short-time exhibit in New York—and it was found necessary to extend the schedule for an additional week. The appeal of the subjects represented—the traditional themes of religious art, as well as those pertaining more especially to Franciscan lore—and of the humanity and simplicity of treatment accorded them by the artist, was unmistakable. It added one more testimonial to a truth increasingly evident in our time: that there is nothing the populace responds to more instantly than the language of religion, literary, spoken or pictorial, if it is couched in terms which they understand. The Guild is repeating the exhibition this year at the Carnegie Hall Art Gallery, during the three weeks from March 27 to April 13, presenting a selection of last year's canvases and sketches, supplemented by a number of new studies. We wish the enterprise the wide success which it is sure to have.

THE INTERNATIONAL FLOWER SHOW

The annually brings flowers from all over the world together and compresses all the blossoming seasons of the year into one week, was as they say of the circus a huge success. While it snowed out of doors, at the show a large dogwood tree in full blossom dominated a scene of wild woodland beauty, a woodland garden with rustic bridge and lichens and ferns. On a hillside garden below an old mill wheel, daffodils glowed while a winding brook lisped by them. Rock gardens, tulip gardens, and roses around an oblong pool, a garden of yellow and lavender in a bower of acacia and mimosa around a grey wooden bench and borders of petunias, hyacinths and low shrubs, succeeded each other in marvelous combinations of art and nature. The ladies of the Garden Club of America were presented with the principal trophy of the show for their English village only slightly less than life-sized. Over the doors and windows grew vines; in the small yards were grass and ferns, blossoms and potted plants, and small trees with the feathery leaves of springtime. Sir Frederick William Moore made the presentation of the trophy for the Royal Horticultural Society of England. This is the first time that the amateurs have carried off the principal trophy from the professional growers. Other firsts were a bright yellow potted plant from Africa, an *Ornithogalum Aureum*, said to last a very long time and newly propagated in

this country in New Hampshire; a spring blooming dahlia, said to be the first of its kind to come out at this season; two new roses and two polyantha, the Lily Pons narcissus and a double nasturtium that was propagated in time for the show by sending it by air mail to South America for the right quality of sun and temperature; and a patented viola, a large, soft lavender flower said to be the first viola to be thus protected by its grower. Those who thumb seed catalogues at this time of year will vibrate to these things, we know, and happily vision their own soft earth soon to be stirred from its winter sleep, with the aid of a few prodding tools of diverse shapes.

IN THE MIDST OF PLENTY

THERE are before us, as we write, three interesting books which outline with relative fullness conception of social order dear to the hearts of their authors: "Our Economic Society and Its Problems," by Rexford Guy Tugwell and Howard C. Hill (Harcourt, Brace and Company), "The Choice before Us," by Norman Thomas (The Macmillan Company), and "The Italian Corporative State," by Fausto Pitigliani (The Macmillan Company). It is not our intention to review these volumes here. But we think that a reader who went carefully through them all, disregarding so-called facts and figures while concentrating on ideas, would have introduced himself to what are probably the three major "reform" theses now in vogue. The first is outspokenly "new deal"; the second is, in spite of everything, Socialistic; and the third is Fascist. If the reader is like unto us, he will find in each of these books much to impress and interest him, but he will discover in none a doctrine to which he can give his allegiance with any enthusiasm.

The trouble with all economic and social philosophies is that they are neither sciences nor revelations. They must endeavor to account for and regulate conditions dependent first upon the whims of nature, and second upon the far more arbitrary conduct of human beings. Just the other day newspaper dispatches told us of a woman who had swallowed several thousand bits of minor hardware, "just for fun." And unfortunately this behavior is no more freakish or unpredictable than are the serious business and financial actions of thousands upon thousands. Classical theories of government realized this perfectly. They held that no man was fit to rule in the absolute sense, and therefore placed kings and presidents in a kind of treadmill of precedents and restrictions. Today we are being offered again all the lures known to history in exchange for acquiescence in the "absolute man"—the sovereign, the administrator, the hero who will establish a science of economic and social control. The same trend has occurred many times before

in history, though never probably under circumstances so complex and baffling.

Perhaps no phrase sums up so well universal discontent with recent experience than "starving in the midst of plenty." The whole world has been deeply shocked by the fact that while down-and-outers were slowly turning into living skeletons in back-street city flats, the imperiled farmer was plowing wheat under. The contrast between overproduction and underconsumption was illustrated in a thousand ways, almost every one of which has caught the average man's attention. Economists, for their part, have done considerable writing about the phenomenon. In short, most of us feel that here there is a tangible and dangerous disease, which has a name and manifests symptoms visible to the naked eye. And we conclude that there must be a remedy for it somewhere—a cure which our authorities are expected to find and apply.

Now the trouble with such formulae is that they may easily become hobbies; and these last are luxuries in which a democracy, from some points of view the *enfant gâté* among social forms, cannot indulge without serious discomfort. "Starving in the midst of plenty" is by no means so extraordinary a phenomenon as is generally supposed. Widespread suffering had accompanied every industrial decline since the dawn of history. In primitive states, where men lived by agriculture dependent entirely upon the routine of the seasons, the year of a bad crop was the only kind of industrial decline there could be. Men starved but there was no plenty. In modern industrial states, which are based upon the application of the sciences to production, there may be a catastrophic fall in business activity which is not accompanied by a famine. Or again—as is the case in Russia—a great deal of industrial work may be under way while a crop failure rages.

In other words, we have as yet found no way of coordinating industrial activity as such and the distribution of natural resources, including fuel and food stuffs. If the level at which these resources can be purchased is set too low, then their producers are unable to purchase the goods supplied by industry. But if they are set too high (always relatively speaking) then, in periods of industrial decline, welfare agencies cannot afford to provide food and other stuffs in sufficient quantities. Our industrial order is thus seen to be based upon the separate movement of forces which ought to be geared together. The so-called "classical" system of thought reposed upon the belief that temporary divergences between the two would always be remedied by natural expansion. For centuries population increases, colonial conquests and wars jerked into line, often with much friction, energies no one thought of harnessing together. Today conquests are at an end,

and population increases are of infinitesimal importance. Wars are so expensive and destructive that they shatter social and economic units engaging in them. Accordingly there are left us no "natural" ways in which declines of the kind described can be halted.

We notice in Mr. Thomas's book a sort of approach to the problem. "German history," he says, "underlines also the fact that a successful social revolution is not going to be achieved in spite of the farmers." But all he really has to say to them is that they must realize "they are workers and that they should be rewarded as workers and not as small capitalists or business men." It really seems exceedingly unlikely that such a "realization" will ever be noted by the social historian. Land is the fundamental form of capital, and the whole system we call "capitalism" probably has its origin in the breaking up of communal lands. That break-up meant the final emergence of soil tillers from the state of slavery. To conceive of a time when farmers would willingly go back to a system of communal lands or anything like it is to indulge oneself in mirages. Yet there is a sense in which Mr. Thomas is doubtless right. The American farmer has thought far too much in terms of capital, and has tended to look upon land as something in the value of which he could speculate.

Nevertheless socialization of some sort or other is an obvious necessity. A society which finds it worth while applying the finest kind of intelligence to machines and such matters as the rotation of crops must eventually be willing not to leave the most important of all problems to mother nature. Unless the reason of men can be as successful in finding solutions for problems of social control as it has been agile in circumventing technical difficulties, we are in for a period of collapse which will sink the western world below levels its imagination is as yet capable of picturing.

Suppose then we come back to the three books mentioned at the beginning. Shall our vote be given for any one of the three systems which the authors profess? If we made our reply contingent upon which offers a recipe for "starving in the midst of plenty," we should probably be obliged to admit sadly that in none is there an adequate remedy for this disease. None can reconcile individualism—the ineradicable something which, for better and worse, characterizes man—and authority. No progress can be made in the long run by supposing that human conduct is a mechanical energy. It is because the thinkers of the new deal seem to realize this truth better than others that one comes round to the conviction that they may be as nearly right as human beings just now are likely to be. All of us may piously hope that this conviction will not turn out to have been mistaken. More nobody can do or say.

SHALL WE BAN CHILD LABOR?

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

DURING 1924, advocates of an amendment to the Federal Constitution which provided for congressional control of "the labor of persons under eighteen years of age" was submitted to the legislatures of the various states for ratification. A majority of these states decided in the negative. Meanwhile, however, the conditions for which the advocates of the amendment had sought a remedy did not disappear. It is useless to catalogue these abuses here. Everybody knows them. We may simply note that one thing is clearer now than it was in 1924: when industry employs children instead of adults, because it can get them cheap and cash in on their docility, it is undermining the status of labor and adding in a very serious way to the worst kind of unemployment.

In recent months, with the approval of Mr. Roosevelt, interest in the amendment has been revived. It is argued that the NRA codes legislate against numerous forms of child labor, and that therefore the grant of constitutional powers to Congress would be nothing more than a kind of stabilization of the improvement recently effected. To a very considerable number of eminent people the amendment is, however, more anathema than ever. The most telling opposition seems to come from the "liberal" camp, both Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler and Dr. J. Lawrence Lowell insisting that the grant of such powers to Congress would be gravely dangerous. They argue that the federal government might attempt all sorts of unwarranted and unwanted interference with the nation's family life, and that the final result might be another wave of resentment fully equal to that which made a farce—and a bloody, tragic farce—of Washington's endeavors to enforce prohibition.

This last argument has been endorsed by Mr. Alfred E. Smith. "We are told," he writes in the *March New Outlook*, "that Congress will never do anything extreme or undesirable under this amendment. That is just what the Wheelers and the Cannons told us about the Eighteenth Amendment." Then he proposes a substitute, worded as follows: "The transportation or importation into any state, territory or possession of the United States for delivery or use therein of articles manufactured by the labor of persons under sixteen years of age, in violation of the

Current discussion of child labor is interesting not merely because of the social problem involved but also by reason of the theory of government authority which many have read into the debate. The following paper, which does not commit THE COMMONWEAL as an editorial group, is favorable to the proposed amendment. Next week a noted lawyer, the Honorable Clarence E. Martin, will present the case for the negative. The question has important and interesting repercussions inside the Catholic group.—The Editors.

laws thereof, is hereby prohibited." Now I have every respect for the sagacity and honesty of Mr. Smith, and think that many of his notions about popular American psychology are far better than mine. But for the life of me I can't see why his proposed amend-

ment is a good substitute, even in the light of the failure of prohibition, for the simple and effective statement agreed upon in 1924. Instead of putting faith in Congress as a legislative body, he would place it in a commission and a veritable army of inspectors, etc., parked along the boundaries of states which now have adequate protection against the exploitation of children. Suppose that the child labor laws of various states came to differ, in time, as much as the divorce laws do now. Into what endless meshes of legal technicalities would we then get ourselves!

The debate thus inaugurated has had very considerable repercussions inside the Catholic group. Many of us who belong to the Church still cling firmly to the old doctrine of state rights, on a kind of theory of *divide et impera*. It is felt that if the powers of the various commonwealths are upheld, the strength of the federal government will to that extent be circumscribed. And since religious authority, throughout the tangled years of modern history, has been forced to wage an unceasing fight against the encroachments of the civil power, many feel that every concession to Washington is a kind of Mane-Thecel on the wall. On the other hand, Catholic authorities like Monsignor John A. Ryan, who begin with a carefully reasoned definition of the state, feel that refusal to use the powers of the national government for social ends is a grave ethical blunder which in the long run will be avenged. They think the attitude of their opponents something like that of a man who would shrink from turning on the kitchen spigot because of the possibility that it might not shut off again. There is a good deal to be said on both sides of the argument.

Now, at the risk of being very presumptuous, I shall try to add to the discussion a few thoughts suggested by the extension of federal authority which we are now facing. In the old days Orestes Brownson wrote an analysis and defense of the American idea of government which—however little it may be read—is still among the very best treatises on this theme. Reasoning that liberty

depends upon a carefully erected system of "checks and balances" (a point of view long since obvious to every observer), he then proved that the United States rested on a substructure of what he called "territorial sovereignty"—that is, authority was not lodged in the people or in majorities but in states which had in turn by fiat established the federal government and endowed it with carefully defined rights of jurisdiction. Anybody who thinks all this merely academic hardly realizes, I think, how important the structure of a society really is. It might be shown that in times of passion the violence of disaffection or of greed inevitably finds the weakest point in the architectural form of the state and breaks through that. Thus, for example, in Germany Hitlerism broke through the two most glaring weaknesses of the Weimar Constitution—proportional representation, and the article conferring quasi-dictatorial powers on the President during times of emergency.

Since Brownson wrote, it has steadily become more and more evident that the weakest link in our national structure is precisely the single state. First of all, it more than any other political and social entity has abandoned the normal processes of representative government. Nine out of ten voters know their mayor, their alderman, their congressman, their Senator, their President, at least by name. But who is even aware of the identity of any member of the legislature in any state? Governorships have tended more and more to become places of rest on the way to the Senate or a presidential nomination. Accordingly state legislatures are the worst of all centers of congregation for lobbyists and cranks. The "pitiless glare of publicity" seldom falls upon a state capital, that being nearly always the haunt of the vilest kinds of political gossip, bickering and gangstering. Secondly, as a result of this seemingly uncontrollable decline, the commonwealth has necessarily lost more and more of its authority. It stands revealed as an incompetent banker, a careless educator, a negligible social force and a blunderer all along the line.

These are facts, and if there is a way of reacting against them I have not been informed concerning it. True enough, we talk of "restoring state rights" and compose long defenses of the Constitution. But none of it does any good. We are simply up against the reality of a dessication and a corruption as actual as that of an old tooth in an old body. The only sane remedy anyone has suggested is the grouping of state governments into regional governments, but this idea still remains in the realm of theory and will probably stay there until the genius of a statesman is associated with the efforts of publicity men to put the thing across. Meanwhile there is, undoubtedly, an ominous drift toward concentrating

everything that resembles "control" in the hands of the federal government. I say "ominous" because all sorts of people and plenty of them are drifting to Washington for well-nigh every reason thinkable. Suggestions to nationalize the banks, to own and operate transportation systems, to engage in public utility operation on a grand scale, to go into the real-estate business—all these are in the air, and all of them seem to me very bad.

But it is an entirely different thing to project and carry out a reform of labor and social conditions such as NRA started out to be with government assistance. The goal was the organization of industries by both employers and workers to effect a self-operating control of markets, labor and profits. This approach to a "corporate state" might eventually provide our democracy with economic safeguards and take the nation out of business rather than into it. No such system can, however, be established by merely talking. It requires a great deal of governmental leadership, support and judgment. If we want it, there seems no way out of conceding to the government every whit of the power assigned to it in the papal encyclicals. While we desire anything else but government competition with industries—not to mention a government industry—we certainly need a strong and social-minded federal authority to initiate and promote the organization and coordination of industries. In short, if my view is correct, Mr. Eastman is justified in seeking to bring all transportation under federal control and entirely unwarranted in suggesting that any part of our transportation system should actually be owned and operated by the federal government. The first leaves the way open to the eventual development of regional government; the second heads us straight for a kind of centralization which neither our national psychology nor our map calls for.

Those who accept such a view are likely to agree with me that the control of child labor is a very legitimate function of the federal government. Just as no one would, unless badly prejudiced, expect the states of 1934 to initiate and supervise NRA, so (it seems to me) no one ought to expect the states to control a form of work which undermines the idea of NRA and is besides a social and ethical disaster. Of course Congress may go too far. Yet it seems considerably more likely that the House and Senate would overreach themselves, in the long run, dickering with the nationalization of credit and government ownership of all sorts of things than that they should, moving against the natural grain, devise the fantastic schemes for ruining youth which some opponents of the Child Labor Amendment foresee. If (as I see it) there were nothing more serious to worry about, ours would be a fortunate world.

"AMERICA'S" ANNIVERSARY

By JAMES J. WALSH

OUR CONTEMPORARY Catholic weekly, *America*, is celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary and we take the occasion to congratulate the editors on their silver jubilee and pay our tribute of appreciation to this periodical which has meant so much for the Catholic cause here in America during the greater part of this twentieth century.

America was the fruit of a movement which began when Father John J. Wynne, S.J., published in the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, a monthly magazine gotten out by the Jesuits in connection with the Apostleship of Prayer, his article on "Poisoning the Wells." Over and over again attention had been called to the fact that our encyclopedias in America, supposed storehouses of correct information with regard to nearly all subjects, were most of them disfigured by errors, that in many instances in matters relating to the Catholic Church they proved to be anything but informing and were often full of misinformation. When Father Wynne called attention by many illustrations of encyclopedic fallibility to this fact, the feeling came to be very strong that many of our non-Catholic friends were not to blame for holding prejudices against the Church, since the only sources of information available to them were so disturbed and distorted as to make the securing of the truth a difficult matter.

It became very clear that one of the most important duties of American Catholics in our generation was to have the Catholic side of things presented properly and truthfully. After all, we are not even yet much more than a century away from the time when practically every Anglican bishop in some official document proclaimed that the Church of Rome was the fulfilment of the prophecies of the Book of Revelation and that the Pope was Anti-Christ and the Roman Church the Scarlet Woman of Babylon. What was needed to overcome such teaching was truth and ever more truth, presented on proper occasions and made available as far as possible at moments when, for one reason or another, the Catholic viewpoint on important subjects needed to be impressed.

Almost needless to say, Catholic periodical literature was not so abundant in those days as it has become in ours. The *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* established by Father Sestini, a Jesuit exile from Italy, distinguished in America as a teacher of mathematics, had gradually developed into an important organ of Catholic opinion that had come to be read by not a few people outside the Church. This was particularly

true while Father Wynne was the editor, for nearly twenty years, from the early nineties until the end of the first decade of the twentieth century. He brought about the separation of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* as the organ of the Apostleship of Prayer and made the *Messenger* a successful organ of Catholic thought in this country.

What was felt to be needed, however, in this country was a weekly journal in which within a brief time after the breaking of news there could be Catholic comment on it and the presentation of the Catholic side of it, for there are not many important subjects in world politics or world events that have not very intimate relations to the Catholic Church.

This feeling that there was need of a Catholic weekly of national scope and character to present Catholic truth formally and forcibly led to the replacement of the monthly *Messenger* by the weekly *America*. Father Wynne could continue the editorship for only a year, because he was deeply occupied with "The Catholic Encyclopedia." He was succeeded by Father Campbell, who after some three years was followed by Father Michael O'Connor of the West as acting editor and then by Father Tierney and by Father Parsons, the present editor-in-chief.

America has continued to be for all these twenty-five years since it began publication, a bulwark of truth and a strenuous upholder of the Catholic aspect of world affairs, with the application of Catholic principles to the solution of world problems of all kinds. *America* has continued to grow in power and influence and the stand that it has taken has meant much for and against many important causes.

It has, to take some examples in recent years, strenuously opposed the creation of a Ministry of Education at Washington because that represents a dangerous concentration of power in the hands of the federal government, quite opposed to our Constitution and the rights of the states guaranteed by that document. It has made clear to a great many how dangerous in its proposed form is the Child Labor Amendment which has now been before the public for so many years. For a great many people the Child Labor Amendment embodies the prevention of the employment of young children in industry under circumstances where breakdown of their physical and sometimes also of their moral and intellectual life is almost inevitable. How few realize, however, what a danger there would be in securing this by permitting the federal government to prohibit the

employment of all young folks under the age of eighteen.

In recent years *America* has taken up the cause of the colored races in this country, particularly the black race, and has pleaded for the development of Catholic sympathy with them so that they may secure the enjoyment of their rights as citizens. This policy of *America* has meant much in attracting the attention of Catholics to the condition of the colored people in the United States. Many Catholics owing to the recency of their immigration to this country have themselves had the experience of lack of sympathy at times when it was very much needed.

The Catholic Church has exercised a great moral influence over the minds of foreigners who have become American citizens, so that years ago so astute a politician and knower of men as Senator Mark Hanna ventured to say that he thought the two great safeguards against radicalism in this country were the Supreme Court of the United States and the Catholic Church. Unfortunately the colored man has failed to secure a great deal of the sympathy that he should have received from the Church and *America* continues its effort to procure it for him.

America has been invaluable in its presentation of veritable facts with regard to such vexed questions as conditions in Mexico and that government's attitude toward the Church. It was among the earliest to make clear just what the newly developed relations between the Vatican and the Quirinal were, and it proved invaluable in its presentation of conditions as they actually were in Spain after the exile of the king and the realities of the political situation there. While newspapers generally represented that there was an overwhelming demand for anti-clerical revolution in Spain, the correspondents of *America* made it clear that the great majority of Spaniards are thoroughly Catholic and that as soon as they were aroused to a realization of the situation conditions changed very rapidly.

Whereas this account of *America* would seem to make its activity largely negative, consisting in answering objections and clearing up difficulties with regard to the Church, as a matter of fact its editorial policy has been thoroughly constructive and positive, inasmuch as it stated succinctly the terms under which Catholicism would be a guiding force in this country for democracy and freedom. Besides, it enforced the principles on which Catholicity should be applied to all the activities of life.

Truth and beauty were emphasized as the key-notes of Catholic literature. In social economics charity was proclaimed as the heart of the subject; in politics the dignity of man before the State, and the true liberty that goes with the rights of citizenship, were set forth; in the spiritual and super-

natural order there was the definite presentation of piety and religion as supreme forces in human life, meaning more for the direction of human conduct than any other factors. All this has been *America's* persistent policy carried out effectively from week to week.

At the end of twenty-five years *America* with a circulation well above 30,000 may confidently look forward to its golden jubilee with an ever-increasing popularity and growth in influence. It has continued for all these twenty-five years to be thoroughly worthy of its name, *America*, for it has been truly an American journal in the best sense of that word. It has established itself firmly in the hearts and minds of a great many people. It has been a resource constantly looked to for the diffusion of information with regard to Catholic questions of all kinds. Its Board of Editors have made themselves, quite apart from their special functions in connection with the periodical, all things to all men in very interesting fashion. A notable testimony to the high regard in which the magazine is held will be a dinner given by a group of laymen in honor of its silver jubilee, at the Commodore Hotel in New York City on April 12.

There would be a large gap, indeed, in Catholic interests in this country if anything untoward were to happen to *America*, but not only is there no prospect of this, but *America*, after a quarter of a century of high service to Church and State, can have the assurance of years to come of wide influence. *Quod faustum vertat.*

Chlorophyll

For whose expected feet
Are the invisible looms
On valley-floor and hill
Forever weaving,
Weaving the moss, the sweet
Rich grass in emerald glooms,
The velvet chlorophyll?

Go to the wilderness
And follow a clear stream.
Forget its music; mark
How it goes weaving,
Weaving cool watercress
Where ferns and willows dream
Through daylight and the dark.

Never a forest pool;
Never sequestered spring
But teems with living hosts,
Green algae weaving,
Weaving without a spool
Soft sumptuous carpeting
Meet for the tread of ghosts.

CLIFFORD J. LAUBE.

DELEGATE TO WASHINGTON

By ROBERT WHITCOMB

A FEW short days, a mass meeting of writers, the group realization that the lone wolves and the free lances must get together in this emergency, and I am elected a delegate to represent practically a thousand writers of various sorts, to attend the National Convention against Unemployment in Washington, and to see the higher-ups about a government project for writers nearing starvation.

The buses wait in the empty streets, we are told to be present at seven in the morning, but the day wears on and the credentials are still being examined, telegrams are still being exchanged with delegations from New England, with the Executive Committee in Washington. Finally, after noon, the New York delegation is ready, the cold buses roar off, five of them, with 250 persons aboard. The heaters get to work in the freezing weather, the tires slip on icy roads.

Vibration and speed awaken the dozing delegates, songs break forth, waves are returned from street cleaners, men at work on the roads, telephone linemen. I am seated next to a Russian bear, a delegate who insists upon singing song after song, songs of mosques or steppes, in a minor key, until the sleepless delegates pounce on him and use mass pressure to shut him up.

Across the aisle is Barnes, a young Negro elected from an unemployment block committee in the Negro district of West 99th Street. His songs are not Russian; he starts "Onward Christian Soldiers" and another Negro yells against it the "St. Louis Blues." A Jewish woman from Brownsville objects to such songs; she wants to sing "The Scottsboro Boys Shall Not Die," and "The Cops Are Having an Awful Time, Parley Vous." Next to Barnes is a young woman proudly representing a freshly formed organization of private-school teachers; in back of her is the delegate from a Lithuanian fraternal society; next to him an elected representative of an A. F. of L. local, sent to Washington to fight the policies of President William Green. A Communist from the Bronx is present, and an officer of the Shoe Workers' Industrial Union, the latter representing, as he repeats, 70,000 shoe workers.

The country slips slowly by. The songs die down, after many ringing choruses and many abortive attempts. The delegates fall asleep in their seats. The bus windows are frosted and you cannot see the country. Feet are cold, and cough drops are shared. But it is boresome.

We are between Philadelphia and Baltimore when the bus captain rises. He says, "A question is asked: What is exploitation?"

The Communist from the Bronx is immediately excited. Answers fly, screamed above the noise of the bus. Appoint a chairman—and Alexander, a mammoth Negro, by common consent takes charge of the hot debate. Can a small manufacturer exploit workers and also be exploited himself by larger manufacturers?

"Yes."

"No."

"Comrade chairman, comrade chairman!"

We are in Baltimore before we know it, crowding into the Finnish Hall, hours late; there has been a mass meeting in our honor, but only the Finnish women remain to serve us hot food.

Aberdeen, Maryland, a stop for coffee. A restaurant proprietor will not serve Negroes, except behind a screen. Consultation, and then the order, "All out! No trouble, we must get to Washington." In Washington a newspaper immediately prepared the following headline, "Police on Guard as Reds Gather for Conclave," and explained that a bunch of drunks had broken into an Aberdeen restaurant and started to break the dishes. . . . Washington at five in the morning, sleep on the floor, on benches, prepares sleepy minds for the opening session at ten o'clock.

Delegates pour in from every state in the union, except California, the delegation from that state being arrested for "vagrancy" in Memphis, Tennessee. Angrily it is voted to send a telegram of protest. The unemployed of the nation are organizing. Overnight the jobless and the part-timers, the C.W.A. workers fighting the discontinuation of C.W.A., etc., labor unions of all kinds, all of them reaching out for organization and safety, supporting the unemployment insurance bill (the official Workers' Unemployment and Social Insurance Act) introduced the day before by the Farmer-Laborite Lundeen, of Minnesota. They have omitted some of the most important clauses from the bill, such as the demand that the money come from war funds, or that funds for the unemployed be administered by the elected representatives of the rank and file unemployed. And the national press agencies sabotage the proceedings by printing Senator Wagner's hurried attempts to get a bill through in the name of unemployment insurance. But the Lundeen bill is the only one demanding real insurance for every unemployed person. To get it introduced is a victory, particularly of the voters of the state of Minnesota.

Herbert Benjamin, national organizer, reports, stresses the need of unity of the unemployed

movement. Israel Amter eloquently asks, "Is unemployment a divine institution?" and points to the Soviet Union. Delegate after delegate tells of the unity already expressed in action, unity on the picket-line in strike after strike, unity of all sorts of organizations that yesterday were fighting each other. Reports, conferences, committees at work, three days of solid work, morning, noon and night, with scarcely a look at the outside streets or at the beautiful buildings of the nation's capital. The leaders of the American unemployed report the stirring activity now breaking forth in a spurt of national scope.

Seven minutes only are permitted for the report of the seven professional and cultural groups represented. Phil Bard makes this report, mentioning the organization of the artists under C.W.A., and their victorious fight for recognition; the writers, just organizing, for the very first time, to force through a project from the government for writers (President Roosevelt is a member of the Authors' Club!); technicians, engineers, architects, musicians, teachers, etc. Seven minutes only; a Negress from Columbus must report on the evictions in her town, and how they were stopped; a jeweler from Providence suggests the temporary formation of the Eat Green Grass Association. Terror and Fascism increasing. K.K.K. nightgowns reviving.

Juliet Poyntz of New York: "Don't forget to organize your women: they are good scrappers."

"Why demonstrate?" says a delegate from Denver, showing a headline from the paper, "Charities Favor Reds"—loyal citizens are those who will starve in peace, and therefore are the last to be served.

The afternoon of the third day was devoted to conferences with government officials, A. F. of L. officials (who are fighting real unemployment insurance), German embassy officials, etc., on the part of different delegations. Harry L. Hopkins, director of C.W.A., is forced to listen painfully for two hours to the representatives from hundreds of C.W.A. projects. I am in the delegation to see about a writers' project. No money, we are told; when money comes through, a proportion will be allocated to writers, depending upon how many unemployed writers there are; there of course will not be enough to take care of them all. Who asks for the money from Congress, who estimates how much there should be? Why, it is Harry L. Hopkins who asked Congress for so-much. All right, then the writers demand that a lump sum be asked of Congress for the writers; we demand that each and every unemployed writer be planned for, in advance.

Summation; a last lie in a Washington paper, and we are homeward bound. The paper reports a Southern farmer in a delegation telling the sec-

retary of the President that if the government would give him a mule, he would not "mix up with the Reds." The farmer answered in a letter, "Speaking of mules, I think your reporter is a jackass."

The Startled Heron

Once, when I was nine or ten
I moved with quiet lost to men.

I could come on secrets where
A man would find but empty air.

So it happened I came on
A heron standing in the dawn.

Dawn above and dawn below,
His rounded eyes full of the glow.

I was so close I saw his heart
Lift feathers on his breast apart.

He stood as still as any tree
Rooted in serenity.

Unaware of me entire,
Drinking in the dawn's cool fire,

Drinking in the powers flowing
Deeper than any human knowing.

I did not move so much's a hair;
But wise and loyal things were there.

Invisible, sagacious things
Touched the triggers of his wings.

The wings sprang at the touch of terror
Into flight unflawed by error.

The wings gave out a bluish light
As they bit the air in flight,

Two fierce arcs of mortal motion
Clean and ancient as the ocean.

His head and beak went backward sheer
And made the bird into a spear.

His legs trailed after him immense
In blind and whole obedience.

Blue light on blue sky, he shot,
Something more complete than thought.

Grace created at a bound,
A burning bush without a sound.

Up and gone an instant's space,
Godhead passed before my face.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN.

CATHOLIC SPAIN IN ACTION

By JAMES A. MAGNER

THE TREND of events since the national elections of November 19, 1933, has been revealing the important fact that Spain is still largely Catholic and, at least for the present, dominantly so. A number of causes have been responsible for the rise of Catholic influence after the humiliating treatment of the Church by the late Parliament. None has been more important than the organization of Catholics into political and social groups. The political dominance of Socialism since 1931 and the surprising ease with which Socialistic and anti-Catholic legislation was put through, until the reaction of the last few months, can be traced to two elemental facts. The one is that the Socialists were organized politically. The other is that Catholic and conservative forces were not.

The disorganization of the latter forces was due in part to the natural antipathy of Spaniards to group formation. More important, perhaps, was the political situation itself in which the conservative elements of the country were confused between their sense of traditional loyalty to the monarchy and their feeling of national failure after the declaration of the republic. Not least among these factors was the apathetic attitude which Catholics themselves took during the crisis, until the full force of the anti-clerical movement dawned upon them. Referring to the Spanish scene as it appeared in 1931 after the wreckage of the monarchy had been cleared away, Gil Robles, who has been the moving spirit in the Catholic resurgence, recently declared:

We found Spain totally undone. Not only the monarchy had fallen, but all that which the conservatives stood for. The old parties, which lacked structure and character, had disappeared. The national spirit had completely broken down. Catholicism was a dead thing, which appeared only on the lips and in words, but not in the heart.

The reorganization of Catholic Spain bears a striking resemblance to the progress of the reconquest of the country from the Moors. It began in the north, which never really lost its sense of Catholic solidarity. It crystallized in Castille, the province of the great Isabella, and then proceeded through the rest of Spain. The movement began in the form of propaganda sponsored by the *Acción Popular*, notably through the Catholic daily, *El Debate*, pointing out the dangers of the path taken by the revolution and the necessity of giving structure to the new conservatives. This succeeded rapidly in consolidating opinion into groups which assumed a political character. From here it was but a step to unite

these groups into a flexible but sturdy confederation, the C.E.D.A. or Confederation of Autonomous Conservatives.

From the beginning, the movement assumed a much wider and deeper purpose than simply to decry the advance of the Socialist government against the rights of the Church. Its universal appeal to all conservatives, regardless of religious sentiment, was due to the fact that it concentrated its strength in an anti-Marxist front, particularly against the Marxist concept of property and ownership. Robles first rose to prominence in espousing the cause of the agrarians or land-owners against the expropriation schemes of the government. From this basis, the movement has been extending, by propaganda and organization, throughout all the economic and industrial elements of the country in an effort to combat the influences of Socialism and Communism and to provide a Christian solution for the problems which face the country.

Perhaps the most notable agency in this work is the Worker's Social Institute, which reorganized its classes November 20, 1933, to terminate this coming May. Two hours are given daily to the study of apologetics, union organization, social doctrine and legislation, the technique of propaganda, and agricultural questions. The course includes also daily visits of an artistic, cultural and social character. At the end of the season, those students who have distinguished themselves in their studies and given special evidence of leadership will be awarded the opportunity of travel to observe conditions in neighboring countries. The graduates of this institute, which is being conducted throughout Spain and known as the I.S.O., will conduct an intensive campaign for the organization of labor along Christian lines, cooperating with leaders already in the field and using the lecture platform and the publication of pamphlets as the fundamental modes of approaching the public.

Besides this institution, a large number of social movements and social study groups have been formed throughout Spain. Of principal importance among these has been the resumption of the Social Week, to be held annually for the discussion of moral, social and economic questions of national and international character. The idea of the Social Week, based on the social courses begun by Windthorst in Germany in 1890, was first projected in its present form by Henri Lorin at Lyons, France, in 1904. The Social Week was conducted annually in Spain from 1906 to 1912, when it was suspended. The importance of its

reopening at Madrid during the week of October 14-22 of the past year, under the leadership of His Excellency Juan Bautista Luis Perez, Bishop of Oviedo, can hardly be exaggerated. The direction taken by Catholic Action in Spain is brilliantly indicated in the list of subjects discussed during the conference by Catholic leaders and educators. Of the 142 problems under study, 52 dealt with the agrarian situation, 39 with the rights and duties of labor, and 51 with general principles or special social points, including the divorce question, eugenics, woman labor, and education.

The impetus to social study under Catholic auspices, given by this Social Week, has had a universal effect. At Valladolid, for example, a course of studies was inaugurated January 15 of this year by the Catholic Social House, to run for two months with six classes daily. This course includes studies on religious formation, the papal encyclicals on Catholic Action and labor, economic systems and problems, history of the social movement, agrarian and industrial problems in Spain, hygiene and practical rhetoric. The Catholic Social House, as a branch of the I.S.O., has recently opened similar courses or sponsored lectures and meetings at Segovia, Avila, Palencia, Alicante and Ceuta, all with the underlying idea of developing an organized Catholic leadership to cope with the practical social and economic problems of the day. An important school of journalism has been opened at Madrid by *El Debate* in its own splendid edifice, embracing both normal and intensive courses. In addition to the theory and practise of editing and printing, the students are obliged to take courses in criteriology, apologetics, religious culture, ethics and social theology.

The principle of the Social Week has been adapted also to the needs and problems of the clergy in relation to Catholic Action. Organized by order of the Bishop of Madrid-Alcalá, the first of these was held at Madrid, February 6-10 of this year, with great success. According to a statement issued by the Bishop, the purpose of the course, called the Holy Exercises of Catholic Action, is:

. . . to perfect the formation of the clergy in Catholic Action, to compare methods, to discuss experiences, to arouse initiative, and to arouse and spread enthusiasm and fervor.

Perhaps one of the most significant statements of the general direction taken by these movements was made by Gil Robles in a radio broadcast on January 27:

The Acción Popular and the political organizations of the Confederation of Autonomous Conservatives are attempting to solve the social problem, not only through charity, but above all by implanting the postulates of justice.

Nevertheless, pending more ample civil legislation to care for the distressed and underprivileged classes of the country, these groups have undertaken the establishment of centers for dispensing food to the poor, of providing lodging, and of giving anti-tuberculosis service through visiting nurses. This work has been conducted for the benefit of all, irrespective of party lines.

Since the passage of the socialistic laws against the religious congregations, dissolving the Jesuits and nationalizing their property, confiscating all but the barest margin of the properties of the other orders, and prohibiting their engaging in any enterprise for a profit, the charitable works of the religious orders have suffered tremendously. At the time these laws were enacted the religious orders of Spain were in charge of 416 hospitals, 68 clinics, 38 dispensaries, 68 infant nurseries, 518 orphanages, 43 insane asylums, 12 leper colonies, 158 free lunch counters, 35 reformatories, and 887 miscellaneous works of charity, benefiting about 700,000 persons principally of the lower classes. Charity in Spain has been administered in the past by private agencies, mostly under the direction of the Church. While crippling this work needlessly, the Socialist government failed to provide the promised substitution.

Catholic Action in Spain is faced with the still more vexing problem of education, which can hardly be settled except by revision or repeal of the present laws. It has been estimated that the religious orders were teaching 601,950 students in the primary schools, one-third of the official national enrolment, 27,000, or more than one-half, of the students in secondary schools, and about 17,000 in professional schools. The expense of these undertakings, assumed by Catholic agencies, meant an annual saving to the State of \$9,000,000 for the primary and nearly \$4,000,000 for the secondary and professional schools. The suppression of all this by law and the attempt of the government to provide a secular school system in its place has resulted in endless confusion. Many of the districts which attempted to begin the substitution had no funds to provide school buildings. Those that had buildings were unable to provide capable teachers, or equipment and heat. Ostensibly because the government which enacted the law failed to provide the material and means of carrying it out, the substitution of secular for religious schools, which was to have been completed in January, has been indefinitely suspended.

In the meantime, the Catholic Association of Fathers of Families has been taking charge of colleges which were directed by the religious orders and is planning to create parochial schools which will conform with the present law, wherever possible. Working in collaboration with this organization is the Federation of Friends of Edu-

cation (F.A.E.), which is attempting by various forms of propaganda, including the Catholic Pedagogical Week held at Madrid in January, to form public and official opinion on the new Law of Public Instruction now being drafted. Active in this work must be mentioned also the Federation of the Catholic Women of Spain, headed by Doña Juana Salas de Jimenez, who is herself the author of several books including "Our Feminism." To handle the problem of religious instruction, courses have been started for the development of catechists to teach the children who receive no other instruction besides that of the home. More than 100 catechetical centers have been established in Madrid alone.

Among other items under consideration by the present Cortes, indicating the remarkable change of trends in legislation, is a Concordat with the Holy See and a restoration of governmental subsidies to the rural clergy. Previous to the separation of Church and State, effected October 13, 1931, the Spanish government allowed an annual grant of about \$6,000,000 to the Church. The loss of this has been met by periodic voluntary collections "for worship and the clergy" taken up in the churches. In the rural districts, however, where money is scarce and the people have not been able or educated to contribute, the loss of this subsidy has worked great hardship. The present proposal would restore the subsidy to the clergy in these regions on a basis of two-thirds of their former salaries, provided they have been occupying their parishes since the date of the separation of Church and State. This subsidy would take effect from January 1, 1934, and would amount to about \$1,500,000.

Two political elements still remain to delay and threaten the cause of normal progress and readjustment. One is the extreme monarchistic groups with Fascist tendencies, consisting of the Traditionalist and the Spanish Renovation parties. José Primo de Rivera, son of the late dictator, appears as the most active spokesman in this sector. The other is made up of the extreme Socialists, following the lead of Prieto and Cabellero, who have shown themselves disposed to align with Communists and anarchists in a threat of bloody revolution and terror against the conservative and conciliating tendencies of the present Cortes. Fear for the consequences of such an alliance, however, has had the effect of splitting the ranks of the Socialists. The strikes and acts of violence perpetrated by Communists as a protest against the political victory of the Conservatives produced an extremely mournful impression throughout Spain. Since then the more violent verbal and sanguinary clashes have occurred between the Fascists and extreme Socialists, particularly university students, leaving the more moderate elements to work out the nation's destiny.

Another problem which is becoming increasingly delicate and may eventually cause an open national breach in Spain is that of Catalonia's demand for more autonomy. The danger of this movement lies in the fact that it is being managed principally by the Socialists of the Esquerra party. This group has assumed a belligerently anti-Catholic attitude, matching every success of the Conservatives with the threat of secession. It has seen in every gesture of Gil Robles a spring toward a Conservative coup d'état inimical to the cause of regional autonomy.

In a radio speech during the national campaign Robles revealed a remarkably moderate view on this question. He said:

Spain is not a uniform country. Each region has a personality, in many cases historically prior to the state in which it shares certain collective ends. Each region has its own character and its own proper setting. For this reason we are regionalists. We do not seek to impose on these regions the yoke of a centralistic and leveling legislation. We seek for them a rational autonomy, which will not divide but will unite us. We are, indeed, set against separatism; but also against this, that regional inconsideration can turn into separatism. We seek an autonomy which is born of our tradition, of our history, and of our character.

In the municipal elections of Catalonia, held in January, the Esquerra factions, which had split under the late Francisco Macia, reunited to carry the polls by force and intimidation as well as by actual votes. It is interesting to note, from a Catholic standpoint, that the death-bed conversion of Macia was a source of deep humiliation to the party, which forbade him a Catholic funeral. Of this group, reinforced with the support of local pride, the national Catholic cause has reason to be apprehensive.

The upheavals of the last three years have apparently demonstrated that Catholic Action in Spain cannot rest content merely with forming public opinion, although this is of outstanding importance, but must go on to enforce its demands by political action. If the Socialist elements still insist that the questions of Catholic education, of the rights of religious orders, and of ecclesiastical properties are primarily political questions pertaining to civil administration, it is evident that Catholic forces must take them at their word, meet them on their own grounds, and insure the freedom of Catholic principle and practise by civil legislation. There are various ways of doing this, and, to date, the Catholic parties under the leadership of Gil Robles have shown remarkable judgment and moderation. If the dangers which lie particularly in the tactics of the Esquerra party, seeking increased independence for Catalonia, can be met successfully, Catholic Action in Spain seems assured of its program.

THE LITERARY LIFE OF CORK

By SEUMAS O'BRIEN

MR. MORGAN M. SHEEDY thought my article on "Henry Ford and Romantic Cork," gloomy. Strange! I wrote it for the fun I got out of it, and the fun I hoped Henry Ford and others would get out of it. If there is anything more disconcerting than an Irishman without a sense of humor, it is an Irishman who has too keen a sense of humor. And the witless Irishman is the rarest and most precious gem of all.

My father, one of the most brilliant men I ever had the misfortune to meet, thought I was a fool. Mr. Sheedy would have appreciated my father. I always agreed with my father; I had to. Joseph Campbell, the Irish poet, said to me one time after I called James Joyce, the author of "Ulysses," "a cat in a garbage can": "Seumas, you have the bitter tongue of the old bards, and an ironic mind. You see the world turned upside down, except on rare occasions when you can be almost human and sometimes charming." Thank you, Mr. Campbell.

Is it possible that I saw my native city of Cork turned upside down during my sojourn there of six months? Perhaps so. But I would like to remind Mr. Sheedy that

"The Bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee,"

stir no feeling of "deep affection" or "fond recollection" in the breast of an exile with a Gaelic, or ironic, mind and a Saxon tongue like myself. From the time I was sixteen until I was thirty years of age I had to listen to those famous bells eternally playing "Believe me if all those endearing young charms," and worse melodies, for every sentimentalist who visited the city, or caubugue as the case may be, who couldn't tell a real Irish melody from the so-called Irish melodies composed on the East Side of New York by Hebrew song-mongers. Every time I suffered from an inspiration during my student days, the Bells of Shandon would inevitably play some of the tunes I liked least and not only destroy the inspiration but, oftentimes, my appetite as well. So much for the Bells of Shandon.

After telling all, or nearly all, there is to tell about the literary life of Cork, Mr. Sheedy wanted to know if I would tell the readers of *THE COMMONWEAL* what I knew about it. There really isn't very much left for me to say, but that does not mean that I am not going to exhaust someone's patience in saying it. When Thackeray praised the people of Cork for their culture, I am inclined to believe that he did not get drunk on admiration like so many expatriating Irishmen do about the things they know little or nothing about, and care less, such as the art and the literature of the mighty dead, or mighty near dead—for want of support or appreciation. My father must have been a product of the literary life that Thackeray noticed. If George Bernard Shaw said half

the clever things professionally that my father was in the habit of saying casually, Shaw could probably live in Ireland, and not feel embarrassed. But Shaw had sense enough not to try. Father, like many other men of his ilk and generation, was a great reader, a lover of music and the drama, and believed that anything worth doing was worth doing well. In such an atmosphere I was brought up. God help me! The older people loved the best in literature. They loved beautiful speech too and knew how to use it.

Cork always expressed itself best in talk. A pity but a fact. The curse of Cromwell that fell on Ireland was nothing compared to the curse of talk that fell on Cork. Had Henry Ford been born in Cork, being a genius he probably would have talked himself out of a job, and never been heard of, or he might have compiled a dictionary. A people who can talk well should not be expected to write well, yet for all that Cork has produced more than one writer of distinction in my time, including: Canon Sheehan, his townsman, William O'Brien, M.P., A. M. Sullivan, M.P., Standish O'Grady, Kathleen Madden, Temple Thurston, William Buckley, Stephen Foreman, T. C. Murray, Bernard MacCarthy, and Daniel Corkery, author of "Munster Twilight," whom Mr. Sheedy praises for his "sweet and wholesome tales." Many of the stories in "Munster Twilight" were based on yarns I told to Mr. Corkery. He was only twelve and I was ten when we met for the first time at the Presentation Brothers monastery. At that time Brother Brendan (an uncle of Maurice Costello, the famous movie actor, father of Mrs. John Barrymore) was Superior. He was a kindly, scholarly man, an astronomer of no mean ability, and called after Saint Brendan the Irishman who discovered America before Columbus, or the English and Irish poets. Corkery might be called an Irishman, or a Corkman, if you will, with an English soul, who at an early age became a convert to the Gaelic cause. His love of Ireland eventually led him to the chair of English literature, recently vacated by Professor Stockley, at the University College, Cork.

While still in our teens he started (or it started itself) what was called "The Corkery Parliament." Every Saturday and Sunday night a group of young intellectuals were wont to meet at his home and discuss the problems of the day. Dan was one of the more or less silent members, always a good listener, like J. M. Synge. But strange to relate, the sum and substance of many of the discussions more than once took the form of an article, signed "Lee," in the *Leader*, a weekly journal, published in Dublin. For years and years, some of Corkery's closest friends tried to find out who "Lee" was without success. And it was not until an enthusiast wrote an article in the *College Magazine* on Mr. Corkery and compared the convert to the Gaelic cause to an Englishman named John Ruskin whose writings were not then out of fashion, that Mr. Corkery admitted he was "Lee." Shaemas O'Sheel, author of "They went forth to battle, but they always fell," might read this article with advantage. Not all Gaels who go forth to battle, fall on the battlefield. Some, like Dan Corkery and myself, fall into easy chairs.

William Buckley, author of "Croppies Lie Down," one of the best Irish novels ever written, is another Corkman I knew well. He is the most modest Irish intellectual I have met at home or abroad, and a glorious relief from some of the upstarts who had to deal with me, pardon, I mean, with whom I had to deal. He lived a quiet scholarly life, and as he did not die for Ireland, or live on Ireland, he is not as well remembered as he ought to be. Only those who die for Ireland, or those who exploit Ireland for their own ends, can reasonably hope to be remembered by their countrymen.

William O'Brien, author of "When we were boys," was one of the outstanding men of his generation. Of him Gladstone said: "He is one of the few still among us whose soul has been touched by the sacred fire of oratory." Lady Gregory said he had a tongue like a scissiors. She was right. When he ascended or descended to vituperation, he was astonishingly good. His opponents always wilted under the lash of his vitriolic tongue. Yet he was a kindly man and beloved by all who knew him. He was a good friend of mine, and the only man whose calligraphy I thought worse than my own. Very few in public life today can move an audience like the fiery orator from Mallow. Judge Daniel Cohalan, who is in the tradition of Irish orators, when he speaks emotionally, reminds me of William O'Brien, but he does not seem to be aware of the fact that he is a master of beautiful speech.

I do not have to tell the readers of *THE COMMONWEAL* about Canon Sheehan, author of "My New Curate." I had the pleasure of meeting him while executing some sculpture work at his church in Doneralie and I am indebted to him for the help I got from his writings during my formative years.

Ernest Boyd, a literary critic who goes after big game, and misses not only the bull's eye, but the bull as well, occasionally has something to say about Standish O'Grady in his book on the Irish Renaissance that will interest Mr. Sheedy.

Well, I could go on and on, and on, like any other "knowledgeable man," but have I not said my say? I'm afraid so.

This Wind

What is this wind other than any wind
That blows encompassed by the signs of space,
Over a feathery leaf of tamarind,
Over a larch, over a desert place,
Over an amply closed New England common,
Over a foggy Californian bay,
Over the open oceanic Kansan
Wide prairie-limits and again away?
What is this wind other than winds that blow
In eastern Massachusetts, northern Maine,
Southward or westward in New Mexico
To gulf and ocean and then back again?
What is this wind other than wind of air? . . .
Give me your hand. The wind is lying there.

WITTER BYNNER.

EASTER IN THE UKRAINE

By NATHALIE TROUBETSKOY

THE RELUCTANT, capricious, yet enchanting English spring brings me, with unabated virulence, an attack of *nostalgie du pays*. I go through the full gamut of feelings of an exile, from endeavoring to forget, to trying to remember. It is but a spring malady, for at other times I am well content with the blend of constancy and inconsequence that is our England, with its faithless climate and faithful friends.

But it is the very accord of discords that seems to become suddenly strange and painful at Eastertide, and makes me yearn sadly for a melodious long ago and the irrevocable past of a distant land, that achieved the perfect harmony of material and mystical resurrection. There Easter and spring were one, and meant one, and the vast country was set from end to end as a colossal stage for the enacting of an undying drama. Unyielding nature and prying humanity forgot their differences: peoples and beasts, black earth and icy water, bodies and souls, worked in unity, and prayed in unison; there was no hesitancy, no withdrawal of what was once given in sunshine, or credulity, or sacrifice. The play was played out to the triumphant finale, with the generosity and grandeur of sublime simplicity. It was unforgettable, immense, and none but those who have lived through a Russian Easter have known the completeness of its meaning.

Though many years have gone by, the picture stands out clearly in my memory against blurred, misshapen outlines of other days.

As passive Lent and passionate spring drift past me here, nearer and clearer comes this picture from an irrevocable past, somewhat like the enveloping growth of a slow close-up in a film. By Good Friday all I want is to go and hide myself amongst kind green things, and in solitude, but not alone, watch the glorious pageant pass before me. And this is what I see, from year to year.

A large and prosperous village in the heart of south Russia, and the sun laid out with lavish disregard of space on the banks of a broad and beautiful river. The day is Easter Eve, the time late afternoon, the state that of breathless expectation. The stage is ready for the supreme last act.

The river has got over the tempestuous, disorderly rapture of new-found freedom, and is running, once more thoughtful and serene, between newly washed and verdant banks; silver sands scintillate in the setting sun; ugly gashes in meadows and hedges are healed; corn fields lie like priceless emeralds, sharp-cut, glittering; the swift water gurgles, shimmers, changing from indigo to jade.

Across the river woods stand in a green haze, merging into the pale blue of the skies; creeping evening mists flutter like bridal veiling round the shoulders of slender young birches. Greens into blues, and blues into greens, everywhere. Then, as twilight fades, the blues begin to

predominate, till the sky is deep cobalt, the river as a raven's wing and the green world of the day is bathed in such an unutterably soft, safe and warm, blue light, that the very air seems blue.

White cottages, freshly whitewashed, with twinkling windows decked out in bold and vivid designs, sit like little fat, important brides amongst billows of pale-pink flowering apricot and cherry trees. The people, keyed up to the highest pitch, hustle, and bustle, and worry, as people will. The girls are putting on their finery, lovely, fantastic clothes, cherished in heavy oak chests for the great day of their wedding. But is not Easter a greater day, the greatest of all? They hurry, for theirs is the duty to take the Paschal food to the church, to be blessed. The women hover lovingly near the table, giving the last touches to the dishes: a sprig of periwinkle in the baby lamb's mouth, a bright red rose on the snowy cake, a cross of purple currants on a mound of cream. Little children gaze longingly, standing near and sucking their thumbs.

The walls gleam whitely, the floor is well ochered, the gold and silver icons catch and reflect the crimson of the embroidered towel draped around them, the ruby of the sacred lamp and flame-red eggs in a lacquered bowl. The pale gold of candles and the deep orange of sunset meet and mingle, and the inside world is in a red-gold glow of gladness. Outside the blues deepen, the silence grows, midnight comes nearer, and both worlds throb in intoxicating unity.

The dark roads are now filled with people, all going the same way, with the same shining, intent faces and slow, solemn steps as befits a night like this. The church stands on a cherry-clad hill, the river neatly bounding it in a shimmering semi-circle. It is very old, this church, tall, narrow, topped by five golden domes. The boys of the village have done their duty well, and myriads of tiny lights pick out cornices and arches, while above the great doors there is even a strip of fiery letters, gazed upon in awe by the visitors from lonely hamlets. Round the church are rows of trestle tables, groaning under good things to be eaten tomorrow; girls stand guarding their treasures, in a dream of tiredness and ecstasy.

The church is soon full, full to overflowing; thousands of candles play on the silver of the vestments, the gold of the towering rood screen, the tinsel wreaths on the girls' heads, the rubies, sapphires and pearls on the icons. Waves of ecstatic singing from the choir above join the prayers and sighs from below. Here even colors unite, and the crowd seems to swim in the glorious radiance of a many-faceted diamond. Expectancy grows nigh unbearable, the beat of many hearts nearly audible.

Soon, soon now, it will come, that exquisite moment. The choir sobs, the people swerve—the priest gives the joyous news:

"Christos Voskrese! Christ is risen!"

And, so united that it sounds like the sigh of relief of a giant, comes the answer:

"Voistino Voskrese! Indeed He has!"

Day of days, and feast of feasts.

COMMUNICATIONS

MODERN MASS MUSIC

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: In an article entitled "Modern Mass Music" appearing in *THE COMMONWEAL* of January 26, Mr. Alastair Guinan would have us believe that modern music is being neglected and more especially that we Americans not only do not compose new music of our own but neglect to sing the music of foreign composers, especially of the Netherlands and of Belgium. A glance at the programs for any recent feast will show no lack of modern compositions, even if the music of the particular school mentioned is but rarely found. The absence of the latter may be due to any number of reasons but certainly not to the fact that Gregorian chant is being used so extensively nor that polyphony is enjoying a remarkable vogue.

But, it is particularly to a few of Mr. Guinan's statements that I would refer. To quote from the article: "The chief characteristic of the laws which govern music in its relation to the Catholic Liturgy is their freedom from irritating minutiae of direction: they are content with the expression of general principles. . . . The prescriptions of the 'Instruction' are to be interpreted as applying not to the outward form of a musical composition but to its essence. . . . Let the music express the text: it is holy; let it conform to the canons of the style to which it belongs: it is true art; let it appeal to its hearers: it is universal." It would occur to one in reading this that Mr. Guinan had only read the beginning of the *Motu Proprio*, entitled "General Principles," paragraph 2, in which it says: "Sacred music should possess, in the highest degree, the qualities proper to the liturgy, and in particular sanctity and goodness of form, which will spontaneously produce the final quality of universality." About this Mr. Guinan is correct but when he goes further than this, he is not. Evidently, Mr. Guinan has read the "General Principles" which is the first article of the instructions. If he had continued his reading, to the next division, Article II, "The Different Kinds of Sacred Music," he would have found the following (if I may be allowed to quote some of the "minutiae of direction" which Mr. Guinan calls "irritating"): "These qualities are to be found, in the highest degree, in Gregorian chant, which is consequently, the chant proper to the Roman Church, the only chant she has inherited from the ancient Fathers, which she has jealously guarded for centuries in her liturgical codices, which she directly proposes to the faithful as her own, which she prescribes exclusively for some parts of the liturgy." In the second paragraph of this same article, it says: "On these grounds Gregorian chant has always been regarded as the supreme model for sacred music" (this does not seem to be as vague as Mr. Guinan would lead us to understand) "so that it is fully legitimate to lay down the following rule: The more closely a composition for church approaches in its movement, inspiration and savor the Gregorian form, the more sacred and liturgical it becomes; and the more out of harmony it is with that supreme model, the less

worthy it is of the temple." In this same division, the third paragraph begins: "The ancient traditional Gregorian chant must, therefore, in a large measure be restored to the functions of public worship, and the fact must be accepted by all that an ecclesiastical function loses none of its solemnity when accompanied by this music alone. Special efforts are to be made to restore the use of the Gregorian chant by the people, so that the faithful may again take a more active part in the ecclesiastical offices, as was the case in ancient times." To quote again from Mr. Guinan, this does not seem like a "general principle." It seems far from vague in its instructions, and if this is "irritating minutiae," there is certainly a great deal of this kind of minutiae in the *Motu Proprio*.

In speaking of classic polyphony, in paragraph 4, of Division II, in the *Motu Proprio*, it states, with great minuteness, that "it must be restored to ecclesiastical functions in important basilicas and other ecclesiastical institutions in which the means are not lacking." Why? Because "it agrees admirably with Gregorian chant."

Mr. Guinan's second paragraph begins: "With the means, as such, by which composers express the words of the Liturgy, ecclesiastical lawgivers have no concern; nor have they legitimately laid claim to any." Yet, the Holy Father goes on about the "External Form of the Sacred Compositions," which Mr. Guinan tells us are not alluded to at all. "The different parts of the Mass and the Office must retain, even musically, that particular concept and form which ecclesiastical tradition has assigned to them, and which is admirably brought out by Gregorian chant." We would call Mr. Guinan's attention to the constant use of "must." In (b), the second paragraph of Division IV, it says: "In the office of Vespers it should be the rule to follow the 'Caeremoniale Episcoporum,' which prescribes Gregorian chant for the psalmody and permits figured music for the verses of the Gloria Patri and the hymn." As I understand it, those two words are very different; one, Gregorian chant is prescribed, and, two, figured music is permitted—that would seem to carry its natural meaning.

It would seem that the "zealots" who claim that there is some direction would seem to have grounds for this belief in view of the above quotations, but let us continue. I know of no "zealot," even the ones who love the chant the most and who choose to sing it only in their churches, who would say that the *Motu Proprio* demands Gregorian chant only.

To quote from Division IV, (d): "The antiphons of the Vespers must be as a rule rendered with the Gregorian melody proper to each. Should they, however, in some special case be sung in figured music, they must never have either the form of a concert melody or the fullness of a motet or a cantata." Mr. Guinan take note of the minutiae.

To quote from Division VII, in which there is a good deal of minutiae given as to direction—"The Length of the Liturgical Chant": "The Gloria and the Credo ought, according to the Gregorian tradition, to be relatively short. In general it must be considered a very grave abuse when the liturgy in ecclesiastical functions is made

to appear secondary to and in a manner at the service of the music, for the music is merely a part of the liturgy and its humble handmaid."

The attitude of the present Pope on the question of sacred music is very clearly set forth in the Apostolic Constitutions.

Were Mr. Guinan's concluding statement true, viz., that "the choir that is truly Catholic will not confine itself to one school of composers" (e.g., Gregorian chant), then many of our most renowned abbeys, monasteries and convents where only the chant is heard, could not be said to be truly Catholic!

Contrary to the viewpoint expressed by Mr. Guinan, we feel that although much good work has been done in the interests of church music since the issuance of the *Motu Proprio* by a handful of "zealots," there still remains much to be done by way of making Gregorian chant better known and loved. With a deeper appreciation of this truly prayerful song, we shall be in a position to better judge the work of our contemporaries, for "the more closely a composition for church approaches in its movement, inspiration and savor the Gregorian form, the more sacred and liturgical it becomes . . . since modern music has risen mainly to serve profane uses, greater care must be taken with regard to it, in order that the musical compositions of modern style which are admitted in the Church may contain nothing profane, be free from reminiscences of motifs adopted in the theatres, and be not fashioned even in their external forms after the manner of profane pieces."

EDMUND M. HOLDEN.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Permit me to register my appreciation of Alastair Guinan's very excellent article of January 26 entitled "Modern Mass Music."

A great deal of improvement would be possible, provided an earnest effort is made to overcome the inertia of those responsible for some of the musical presentations now extant during the Holy Sacrifice.

THOMAS F. FITZPATRICK.

Cleveland, Ohio.

TO the Editor: The article on "Modern Mass Music" by Alastair Guinan in *THE COMMONWEAL* for January 26, is one of the most satisfactory contributions on the subject of church music that I have ever had the good fortune to read. There is so much utter nonsense written about ecclesiastical music that it is with great reluctance that I force myself to read any further contribution. Musical commissions and self-constituted and sometimes officially appointed censors of music manifest the narrowest and most absurd views, and Mr. Guinan has done an immeasurable service to the cause of good music in his article by insisting that there should be a large measure of freedom among competent choir-masters who are able to select suitable music without specific directions from the diocesan authority. There is too much regimentation, and reformers in a good many places in the United States are stifling and suffocating

musical genius, and reducing the artistic spirit to a low level of mediocrity in Church music.

I hope that your columns will be enlivened by other articles as spirited as that of Mr. Guinan. It would result in the creation of many more choirmasters capable of directing, and choirs capable of singing music of modern ecclesiastical composers, who write music admirably fitted for liturgical functions. Mr. Alastair Guinan's brilliant article should serve as a trumpet blast against the perversion and misquotation of the celebrated *Motu Proprio* of Pius X, which does not confine the music of the Church to the music of the eleventh century nor restrict the ministry of music to one style, but only refers to the past as an inspiration to further creative efforts.

CHARLES G. ENGEL.

A NEW ZEALAND POET

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: A long overdue "Thank you" is at last being paid on my part by a word of appreciation to THE COMMONWEAL for giving us now and then a poem by Eileen Duggan.

"Epiphany," which appeared in a January issue, belongs in one's own special anthology of poems for Our Lady, along with such other treasures as Belloc's "Courtesy," Louise Imogen Guiney's "Virgo Gloriosa" and Father Burke's "Mediatrice of Grace"—for which last also THE COMMONWEAL is to be thanked.

Miss Duggan has that illuminating power of seeing a familiar subject in a fresh light, as though one saw it for the first time. And with that perception born of love and faith, she has the true poet's gift—the economy of the perfect word, the finality of the perfect line.

COMMONWEAL readers will also recall with me Miss Duggan's "Pilgrimage," in which the Easter bells from all Christian lands

"float untethered over Jaffa gate
To fling one peal when angels cheat the stone."

Charles Lamb, in that charming essay called "Grace before Meat," raised the question why the Grace should be only "before meat." I'm quoting from memory only, but it runs something like this: "Why not a Grace on setting out for a walk in the country? Or a very special Grace when sitting down to read the 'Faerie Queen'?"

To us inarticulate ones whose poetic expression consists only in the response of ear and heart, the mystery of poetry is second only to the holy mysteries of religion. And when these are blended, as they are in Eileen Duggan's verse, "reading" is an inadequate word to describe the heightened perception of truth and beauty bestowed upon us.

In lighting this little candle of thanksgiving for the New Zealand poet, I am not unmindful of your many other contributors of memorable verse. Poetry, indeed, is one of THE COMMONWEAL's most particular excellences.

GRACE BREWSTER.

A CATHOLIC ACTION PROJECT

Dubuque, Iowa.

TO the Editor: That Catholic Action projects can be initiated and carried through to successful completion by students has been verified by the experience of two Dubuque Mission Units working in conjunction during Catholic Press month, just past. The project grew out of a desire to extend the influence of the Catholic press in our own city by a wide dissemination of Catholic literature at points where it would reach both a Catholic and a non-Catholic reading public.

In brief, the plan worked out about as follows: The officers of the Columbia College and Visitation Academy Mission Crusade organizations first made a survey of sources whence they might secure at little or no cost sufficient periodical literature for distribution. The Most Reverend Francis J. Beckman, D.D., Archbishop of Dubuque, kindly offered all his used papers and magazines. To this contribution, the local *Catholic Daily Tribune* added fifty copies daily, and the *Witness*, official organ of the archdiocese, twelve copies each week. Students and faculty members at both institutions were then approached, and their contributions brought the totals up to a goodly number. Special committees of students were then appointed both to gather the literature and to distribute it. The gatherers were chiefly Columbia boys, and the distributors, mostly Visitation young ladies. The distributing process was planned so as to enable the students to leave their allotted papers or magazines at advantageous points near their own home—at railway and bus stations, doctors' and dentists' offices, hospitals, sanitariums, fire stations, recreation centers, jails, club rooms, barber shops, lobbies.

The project, to date, has functioned without interruption every school day. It has enlisted the services of more than one hundred students (not to mention contributors)—and it operates without cost. We believe the project will work equally successfully in any city with a notable Catholic population.

ELWYN BIERIE.

CONVERTS TO CATHOLICISM

Flushing, L. I.

TO the Editor: St. Paul's Guild, 108 East 56th Street, New York City, could no doubt give "Instructor," writing in THE COMMONWEAL of December 15, the names of many recent converts. There are several among the clergy.

Reverend Daniel E. Hudson of Notre Dame, who died in January, was a member of a Massachusetts Methodist family before he entered the Catholic Church.

The Episcopal Church of St. Mary the Virgin in New York has furnished several recent converts, former ministers, namely, Reverend Selden Peabody Delaney, Reverend Henry K. Pierce, Reverend Henry Stanton, and Reverend Carl William Bothe, formerly rector of the Protestant Episcopal church at Stevens Point, Wisconsin.

The Paulist Fathers were founded by a convert from Protestantism.

W. J. GALBRAITH.

THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The Wind and the Rain

"THE WIND AND THE RAIN," by Merton Hodge, is a delicately written and sensitively acted play of medical student life in Edinburgh. Curiously enough, in spite of its inherent charm, and in spite of the tasteful reticence of its writing, the implied theme of the play seems to be an emotional brief for that singular relationship which the popular magazines of two or three years back described as "companionate marriage."

I find that this column has on various occasions been accused of indulging in ethical criticism rather than dramatic criticism. The accusation of course comes from that group of theatrical enthusiasts who seems to be thoroughly convinced that you can separate art from ethics. I have always enjoyed and welcomed this particular accusation for the simple reason that it is quite true. If art has any meaning at all, it is certainly a medium for conveying impressions from the mind and soul of the artist to the mind and soul of others. Art is a language. It is a means to an end and not an end in itself. For this reason it takes on the hue and color and importance of the object it seeks to attain. I imagine that the hardened criminal would take pleasure in an artistic murder, and there is most assuredly an art of evil living as well as an art of good living. For this reason I have never found it possible to separate the artistry of any element of a theatrical performance from the ethical implications of the artist's theme. The theatre is only in part a world of make-believe. In a very important sense it is also a medium through which the playwright tries to speak to vast numbers of people.

I am also fully aware of the argument that a playwright should not concern himself with the ethical implications of what his characters say and do. But this theory begs the whole question. No one compels a playwright to choose a given theme for his play nor to select specific characters for the working out of the theme. Moreover, no one compels a playwright to create a definite atmosphere of sympathy for a character who does something ethically wrong. That is why I have so often maintained that more harm is done by many of the bright and charmingly written comedies which make light of serious matters than by most of the tragic plays which deal frankly and openly with evil, but recognize it as evil and accept the logical consequences.

It would be a very pleasant task indeed to dwell only on the delightful writing, the gay charm, and the pathetic overtones of "The Wind and the Rain." It is a story so simply told that many of its deeper implications might pass by unnoticed. It is the story of a young medical student during his five years at Edinburgh, and his struggle during that period between a boyish attachment to his mother's apron strings and his yearning for the love life of a grown man. Young Charles Tritton is a victim of too much maternal solicitude. He has grown up with the maternal idea that he is to marry Jill Man-

nering, a girl whose real tastes and temperament are utterly different from his own. In the Edinburgh lodgings conducted by Mrs. McFie, where several students share one large study, young Tritton meets Anne Hargreaves, a girl from New Zealand, who is studying sculpture. He soon comes to depend entirely on her sympathy and understanding for the inspiration that soothes his moments of discouragement and urges him to the successful completion of his course. The suggestion that she actually becomes his mistress is brought to us more by implication than by definite statement. But I hardly see how it is possible to mistake the author's intention.

At the end of Tritton's five years, Anne tell him that they must separate, that the freedom and absence of restraint in their lives in the university town is something quite different from the world of realities he must now face. Tritton is so entangled in his mother's influence that all he can do is to accept this decision as final. In fact, learning suddenly that his mother is to be operated on, he leaves Anne precipitately, even though he knows that she is going to sail for New Zealand within two days, and goes to his mother's bedside. As a result of the operation his mother dies, and Tritton returns disconsolately to Edinburgh some weeks later to seek a position which has become vacant at the university. He finds that Anne postponed her sailing because of the crisis in his life, and thus the two meet again.

But the boy is now able to see all that Anne has actually meant in his life, and asks her to marry him. There is never a moment in the play when either the boy or the girl feels or expresses the least regret that they have taken each other's love in entirety, even when they both felt that it was a relationship which could not last. They think of marriage in the end not because the boy has at least reached man's estate or for any reasons of morality but because they have already experienced the fullness of each other's love, and finally realize that they wish it to continue. This is essentially the same romanticizing of student love that characterized the once popular stories of the Paris Latin Quarter. There is no real difference except for the change of scene and the individual temperament of the characters, to which is added the modern psychological touch of the boy's dependence on his mother until the time of her death.

The charm with which this story of free and untrammelled love is told is only equalled by the sensitivity of the acting, particularly by Frank Lawton as Charles Tritton, and by Rose Hobart as Anne Hargreaves. Plays of this sort depend in large measure upon fine gradations of feeling and upon implied emotions and situations rather than upon obvious dramatic action. Only an expert cast can weave into the scenes enough variety to keep interest alive and growing. But Mr. Hart has just such a cast.

What one regrets most of all is that the author has made his young lovers, who are otherwise unusually sensitive persons, quite impervious to any sense of harm in their five-year relationship. To the very end, they have no regrets and only "many beautiful memories." The play is an unabashed romanticizing of the theme that "only love counts." (At the Ritz Theatre.)

BOOKS

Testimony

Is Christianity True? A Discussion between C. E. M. Joad and Arnold Lunn. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.50.

THE journey from Jerusalem to Damascus first made memorable by Saint Paul, stricken from his horse by the blinding light from on high, and transformed from a persecutor of the Church to a defender, has been repeated by brave souls in every century. The most recent pilgrim to travel over the same highway is Mr. Arnold Lunn. From a critic of the Church he has become a defender and a stalwart champion. In the present volume, he debates with Professor Joad of London University the question, "Is Christianity True?" The controversy covers a wide variety of subjects ranging from the problem of evil, to torture in the Netherlands, and ending with "close-ups" of the Church today. The Christian doctrine concerning hell, the origin of man, birth control, discrepancies in Scripture, the Church's alleged intolerance and unwavering opposition to every new scientific theory and the abuses of churchmen are the targets at which Mr. Joad directs much of his fire, even to the point of repetition which grows at times wearisome.

The student of Christian apologetics will find little, if anything, new in the assaults. The statement of the problem of evil by John Stuart Mill, by Voltaire, and even by Ingersoll are classics alongside of which Joad's presentation is trite and tame. Nevertheless the topics selected for attack undoubtedly represent the ones offering most friction and difficulty to many people today and constitute the "hot-boxes" in the relation of the ancient Faith to the new learning of our day. The attack is made with vigor, with an abundance of concrete illustrations drawn up after the fashion of H. L. Mencken, and with an emotional appeal that will probably carry many a reader along where the appeal to reason is either negligible or scarcely attempted. On the whole, the case against Christianity is probably stated as effectively for popular consumption as any writer has presented it in recent years.

In rebuttal, Lunn displays an admirable sensitivity to the stirrings of the modern mind, discriminates carefully between what is *de fide* and what is merely respectable Christian thought. His treatment of hell and evolution are instances in point. In replying to Joad's charge that the Christian dogma on hell as a chamber where human beings are tortured with inhuman brutality and fiendish cruelty is repulsive and loathsome to every normal human being, Lunn points out how little the Church has actually defined as *de fide* on this point.

"Even if we were," he writes, "to take Christ's words literally—and Christ often spoke in allegories—we should not be forced to believe in the eternal torment of the damned. The fire may well be everlasting, but Christ's words were quite consistent with annihilation by fire, or with the belief that after a period of punishment by fire the condemned soul goes on to a less uncomfortable part

of hell. . . . No Catholic is free to believe in the annihilation of the damned, but all Catholics are free to reject the view that the individual soul is *eternally* tormented. The damned, for all we know, may pass through the circles of hell and eventually finish up in Limbo. Limbo is technically part of hell, but the punishment of Limbo is purely negative, and consists in the loss of the beatific vision."

The view that a soul in hell might eventually qualify for Limbo, while not heretical, is not at present the common view though it may later on become such. Lunn points out that the Church has never declared definitely either the nature of the *poena sensus* or its duration. It may well be something quite different from what we understand by physical pain. The Church has never declared the fire of hell to be material. Thus Lunn quotes the learned Jesuit scholar, Father C. C. Martindale, as follows:

"We should not understress nor overstress the biblical use of 'fire.' To start with, it is well embedded in general apocalyptic dialect, and that is largely 'pictorial.' And once, at any rate, when Our Lord uses it, He couples this unquenched 'fire' with the 'undying worm'; and whether or no this image be based on the burning of dead bodies, or refuse, or of Moloch sacrifices, said by some to have taken place in the Valley of Hinnom, whence the name Gehenna, it remains that the 'worm' is plainly metaphorical, so that the 'fire' in this sentence of parallel members should be taken so too, rather than 'literally.' Similarly, when Genesis shows us God first molding a clay figure, and then 'breathing-in' a soul through Himself and so making man, we should act arbitrarily in regarding the statue as 'real' when the 'breathing' is clearly metaphorical; for God does not breathe, nor is His soul breath."

Joad quotes the article in the Catholic Encyclopedia against Lunn on this point. But Lunn could have replied with great effectiveness, that the author, Father Tontheim, even though personally inclined to hold a more severe view, frankly acknowledges that a respectable body of theologians and some of the Fathers "interpret the scriptural term 'fire' metaphorically, as denoting an incorporeal fire," and that the Church has never censured this view in any way.

It is worth noting, Lunn observes, that the Church resisted the pressure of public opinion during the Middle Ages when the more severe view of hell was current, and when the temptation to embody such a view in a final and irreversible decree must have been very strong. The Church refused to go beyond the teaching of her Divine Founder.

It is the teaching of the Church that only those go to hell who with full knowledge and consent reject God. The Church has never declared that any individual, even Judas, is in hell. It is entirely possible, as Father Knox suggests, that God gives to every soul at the moment of death an illumination and the grace of repentance such as Christ gave to the thief dying on the cross beside Him.

While Lunn's treatment contains nothing new, it shows splendid discernment in sifting out that which is *de fide*

from that which is merely speculative. He shows, too, that much harm can be done by presenting the teaching on hell with a severity not warranted by the official pronouncements of the Church which are marked both by their restraint and by their eminent reasonableness.

Lunn renders a similar service to the Catholic apologist in his treatment of evolution. Replying to Joad's criticism of the Church for her alleged condemnation of organic evolution, a generalization accepted by the overwhelming majority of scientists in the world today, Lunn shows that the Church has made no definitive pronouncement on this subject. She allows her members to accept or to reject it in accordance with their judgment as to the value of the scientific evidence in its support.

Who wins the debate—Joad or Lunn? The reader will probably award the verdict in the light of his own predispositions. Controversy seldom alters convictions. Lunn is more sprightly and nimble-witted. He writes with greater relevance, pregnancy and incisiveness. He scorns any appeal to the emotions. Joad writes with gusto and vigor. He piles up numerous concrete illustrations, and stirs the emotions even though his appeal at times is largely claptrap. Perhaps because of limitations of space—though he takes less space in defending than Joad does in attacking—Lunn passes up a number of openings, leaves unanswered some points in Joad's philosophic assaults which need to be answered. He scores more heavily in the discussion of Christianity's contribution to European culture where he is admittedly in his own *milieu*, and vastly superior to his adversary.

While plunging the sword through at times to the hilt, both display admirable good humor and keep the quarrel rigorously objective. The Church has gained an able swordsman in Lunn. Chesterton, Belloc, Father Knox and Father Martindale will have in him an able ally in presenting with persuasive eloquence the eternal truths of Christ to an age in rebellion against dogma and willing to trim its sails with every new wind of doctrine. Clergy, seminarians, university students and all who are interested in the ebb and flow of the battle which Christianity is waging on the four fronts against humanism, nationalism, modern agnosticism and neo-paganism will find this volume well worth reading.

JOHN A. O'BRIEN.

World Events

The United States in World Affairs in 1933; prepared by William O. Scroggs and the Research Staff of the Council on Foreign Relations. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$3.00.

AFTER a year in which momentous historic events followed one another with a rapidity that bewildered even attentive observers of world movements, such a volume as this recent publication of the Council of Foreign Relations should receive an eager welcome. It places in clear perspective America's position and rôle in a turbulent world which saw a widespread breakdown of international cooperation and a strengthening of strictly national policies. At the end of 1933 the Disarmament

B. ALTMAN & CO.



why Walter Morton?

One reason, more than any other, influenced us in the choosing of Walter Morton—from the world of great tailors—to make our finest men's clothing. This was . . . because the craftsmen in this unique organization have achieved what seems to us to be almost a miracle. They give you the advantages of hand-tailoring of the highest type in clothes ready-to-wear. This means convenience. It brings you economy (Walter Morton clothes are \$50 to \$90). And it does it in clothes tailored from selections of the world's finest wools, many patterns of which are reserved for **Altman . . . and nobody else**

men's clothing—sixth floor

5th Ave. • New York • East Orange • White Plains

NEXT WEEK

PRINCIPLES AND THE NEW DEAL, by John A. Ryan, director of the Department of Social Action of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, and well and widely known as one of the best qualified Catholic speakers on economic and social questions, states his estimate of the new deal. He especially compares it to the framework for social order outlined in "Quadragesimo Anno" and points out its many accomplishments. "It implies an economic system that is neither individualism nor socialism," he writes. "It assumes abolition of the anarchy and manifold injustices of the former and avoids the political despotism and economic inefficiency of the latter. It would provide the maximum attainable measure of self-government by the industries themselves. If it gives labor full participation in the codes it will ensure the maximum of industrial democracy." . . . **SHALL WE ABOLISH OUR REPUBLIC?** by Clarence E. Martin, considers the arguments against the proposed Child Labor Amendment. Under the implied powers granted by it, Congress would be able to take over the educational system of the country, the writer, who is a lawyer, believes; and through a federal bureau, prescribe educational methods. "Any activity that a future Congress may conceive, with relation to young people to the age of eighteen, can be required, regulated or prohibited," says Mr. Martin. . . . **THREE WORDS ON THE NEW DEAL**, by Philip Burnham, reviews over a period of time the opinions of *Barron's Financial Weekly*, the *London Economist* and *L'Economiste Français* on the operations of the new deal, these three papers being selected as representing a financial and presumably conservative point of view. . . . **ON KILLING TWO BIRDS**, by Francis P. Donnelly, for which the careful reader of this column should now be properly anxious, has through several exigencies again been held over as an inducement to continue in our next.

Conference at Geneva was hopelessly deadlocked, payment of international debts was virtually stopped, Germany and Japan had bolted the League of Nations, economic nationalism appeared everywhere in the ascendant, and fear of war between major powers was increasing. In such a world the American government, although controlled by the party once led by Woodrow Wilson, moved with rather than against the general current. That is the impression received by the average intelligent observer in following the news day by day, and that impression is not greatly modified by a reading of this admirable survey.

The greater part of the book, of course, is taken up with setting forth how the nationalistic new deal, with its measures of economic control, heightened tariffs and currency management affected the relations of the United States with the rest of the world. As Walter Lippmann points out in his illuminating preface to the volume, the last two years of the Hoover administration witnessed a rather clumsy reorientation of American policy in the direction of attacking the world economic dilemma through international cooperation, and there was a general expectation that the party of Wilson, returned to power under a former Wilson lieutenant, would advance still further along this line. But instead there took place an abrupt reversal of policy, dictated by the exigencies of the new deal. The World Economic Conference, in which the greatest hopes had been placed, was sacrificed for the program of national reform, and Mr. Roosevelt appeared before the world as a leading exponent of economic nationalism.

A reflective reading of this survey, however, makes it very plain that one might easily miscalculate both the degree and the duration of this so-called economic nationalism. There is every reason to regard it as only part of what Mr. Roosevelt is fond of calling a "rounded whole." The President has consistently shown himself larger of mind and policy than the various schools of nationalists and internationalists, inflationists and anti-inflationists, left-wingers and right-wingers, etc., which have sought his ear. The brilliant record of his first year in office, when surveyed in large perspective, contains no promise of any permanent and exclusive economic nationalism. Rather does it indicate that Mr. Roosevelt has been putting first things first, clearing away the tangle at home before seeking an international consolidation of reformed economic order. Certainly wherever it has been possible to move effectively on the international front, the government has done so. The 1933 record of American relations with the Caribbean and Latin American state is one of increased amity. Vigorous efforts, which considerably extended American willingness to undertake responsibility, were made in behalf of a disarmament agreement; and although nothing has been done to resolve the international debts question, a spirit of great reasonableness toward it has been manifested at Washington. Moreover, the long estrangement with Russia was ended to restore normal diplomatic relations—an agreement which meant just that and nothing more. Even the somewhat strained relations with Japan were relaxed by withdrawing the

fleet concentration from the Pacific. The record of American world policy during 1933 contains more international cooperation than the average observer, whose attention has been centered on the national scene, probably realizes. And it is very probable that the next few years may see the international policies of the hitherto inconspicuous Secretary Hull brought prominently into action as a further stage of the Roosevelt program.

ROSS J. S. HOFFMAN.

Saint Patrick's People

A History of Ireland, by Julius Pokorny. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. \$3.40.

The Irish Struggle, by Louis Paul-Dubois. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. \$5.00.

DR. JULIUS POKORNY was professor of Celtic at the University of Berlin until removed by the Nazi onslaught. He follows in the sound tradition of Zeuss, Zimmer, Kuno, Meyer and Thurneysen, scholars who have helped to edit, translate and evaluate early and middle Irish manuscripts. Dr. Pokorny has visited Ireland for research; he has published a grammar and reader of old Irish; has dealt with early Irish lyrical poetry and has edited "Zeitschrift Fuer Celtische Philologie."

Through his intimate knowledge of the epics, stories, poems and annals he has rounded out his view of life in Ireland before and after the Norman invasion. His theory of Arctic influence amongst the inhabitants in Neolithic times is somewhat new. He sees a parallel between the skin boats yet used on the Boyne and the Eskimo kayak, between dome-shaped snow huts and beehive stone houses and sepulchral chambers. It has been generally accepted that the Celts first came to Ireland directly from the Continent in the Irish Iron Age, about 350 B.C. Dr. Pokorny holds that the Celts came in the late Irish Bronze Age between 900 and 800 B.C. and from Scotland; he mentions the support for his theory but not the evidence.

Early Irish literature reveals the continuity of tradition, manners and customs of the continental Celts, otherwise only known to us through their conquerors, the Romans. It opens up also the pre-Aryan world. Irish, Dr. Pokorny points out, shows linguistic influences of a megalithic Mediterranean people who were related to the Berbers or old Egyptians and who fused with the Celts.

The *fine*, or family group, the *tuath*, or petty state, show us the Irish conception of land holding and of government. The king was administrator, dispenser of justice and leader in war. He was elected and did not own the land of his state. Freeholders had fixity of rent and tenure. A rough knowledge of the Irish land system prepares us for the struggle of the chiefs against the feudal system, introduced by the Norman invaders in the twelfth century. The struggle lasted until the seventeenth century. The destruction of Irish economic life is foreseen by the rise of the merchant in the time of Henry VIII; the power of the feudal lord, broken by the lengthy English civil wars, was absorbed by that autocratic king.

Each chapter has a good bibliography brought up to

School Life at Canterbury

is an illustrated booklet of interest to parents who are planning to give their boys the scholastic and cultural advantages of a leading New England preparatory school, and who are concerned about bringing them up in the Catholic Faith. A copy will be mailed upon request. Address: Dr. Nelson Hume, Headmaster, Canterbury School, New Milford, Conn.

RETREATS AND SOJOURNS FOR WOMEN

THE CENACLE OF ST. REGIS

628 West 140th Street
New York

Conducted by The Religious of the Cenacle
Gardens overlooking the Hudson.
Every spiritual advantage.

Daily Mass — Adoration — Benediction
Reasonable Rates

Telephone Mother Secretary: EDgcombe 4-7300

THE CATHOLIC BOOK CLUB

invites the readers of THE COMMONWEAL

to the Exhibit of

The Catholic Book Conference at

THE CENTRE CLUB

120 Central Park South

April 9th, 10th and 11th.

The book exhibit will include contemporary Catholic books and a special selection of the best modern French, German and Italian Catholic books and magazines.

The Exhibit will be open to the public Tuesday, April 10th from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m., and Wednesday, April 11th from 10 a.m. till 7 p.m.

CATHOLIC BOOK CLUB, INC.

441 Lexington Avenue,

New York City

Murray Hill 2-5292

Camp LAFAYETTE~

 On Beautiful Lake Chateaugay in the Adirondacks
 A camp for 60 Catholic boys from 6 to 15. Exploring trips where Indians once paddled their canoes. Horseback trails through virgin forest. Aquaplaning, water sports, marksmanship, tennis, baseball, woodlore. Affiliated with Jeanne d'Arc for girls. Catalog.
CAPTAIN AND MRS. C. J. McINTYRE
 140 Rolling Road Cynwyd, Pennsylvania

Camp JEANNE d'ARC In the heart of the Adirondacks
 A camp for 60 Catholic girls from 6-18 on beautiful Lake Chateaugay. Small, congenial groups. Winding, woodsy bridle paths for riding. Sandy beach for swimming. Canoeing, dramatics, golf, woodcraft, and archery. Campers from 28 states. No extra charge for riding. Established in 1922. Affiliated with Camp Lafayette for boys. Catalog.
CAPTAIN AND MRS. C. J. McINTYRE
 140 Rolling Road Cynwyd, Pennsylvania

THE PARIS STUDY GROUP
For Women of American Catholic Colleges
 Organization affiliated with the Sorbonne and Catholic University of Paris. Accepts graduates and juniors of American Catholic Colleges who major in French. Full credit for junior year given, as well as Sorbonne diplomas and teaching certificates. Courses in French, History, Philosophy, English, Music, etc.
 Girls live with best class French families. Trips to Italy, England, etc., arranged during holidays. Careful supervision of health and general welfare. Cultural activities include weekly sightseeing, excursions, concerts, plays. Special approval by members of the American hierarchy.
 For further information address:
PROFESSOR RENE SAMSON, McLEAN, VIRGINIA

The new safe-deposit facilities at both our Chambers Street and Uptown offices afford the most modern protection for your valuable papers.

This makes one more service added to our other conveniences, such as foreign drafts, travelers' checks, and a bureau for advice on investments.

EMIGRANT INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS BANK

Resources over \$456,000,000

UPTOWN OFFICE
 5 East 42nd Street

DOWNTOWN OFFICE
 51 Chambers Street, at City Hall

date, and a summary of the economic situation of its period. Statistics quoted in the last chapter end with the year 1913. In a second edition one expects errors to be corrected. Edward Bruce landed in 1315, not in 1318; the English Revolution took place in 1688 not 1668; there are other minor errors in dates. The rising of 1798 first broke out amongst the Presbyterians of Ulster and not amongst "the Protestants of Leinster." The flagship of Hardy's French expedition, with Wolfe Tone on board, fought hard when surrounded by British ships. Dr. Pokorny begins his book as a detached historian but later writes as a sympathetic Irishman. He compresses much sound history in 184 pages.

M. Louis Paul-Dubois is known by his first bulky book, "Contemporary Ireland," published in 1907. "The Irish Struggle" describes the situation in Ireland from 1914 to 1926. Statistics, which play such a large part in his first book, are absent. He traces his way through the tangled alignment of forces at the outbreak of war to the rise of Sinn Fein as a political force in 1918. M. Paul-Dubois believes that if Ireland had fought wholeheartedly with England in the World War she would have been justly dealt with when peace came. Through the eyes of a Frenchman we see the Anglo-Irish War. He weighs both sides, shows the spread of "Red" and "Green" terror and its effects. As one who definitely accepted the Treaty of 1921, we see the Irish Civil War. In sympathy he watches Ireland in her struggle to create her own life; "it is only by interior effort that nations, like individuals, are molded and progress."

E. O'MALLEY.

For Children

The Lord's Prayer; pictured by Ingri and Edgar Parin D'Aulaire. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$1.75.

THERE have been many appeals for aid to children. Many of them still need it badly, whether in the form of milk, clothes or kindness. But one must also not forget that little ones want food for their souls, prepared in a way both appetizing and nutritious. What could be better here than pictures—not the cheap, ghastly lithographs which still corrupt young imaginations, but honest art designed for children and fair to them?

Accordingly one may extend a hearty welcome to "The Lord's Prayer," as illustrated by the D'Aulaires. There is no text other than the simple words of Our Lord, which every Christian child knows well by heart. A two-page colored picture illustrates each phrase. These pictures, drawn on stone, are exquisitely composed and reproduced. Homely, interesting symbolism applies the lesson to child life. Thus, in the drawing to accompany "Thy will be done," the artists have contrasted a little girl sick in bed with a group of other youngsters romping on the lawn. Black and white drawings, equally purposive, nestle round the color-plates, and visualize either child or animal life. Thus a perfectly wonderful rabbit faces the text, "Give us this day our daily bread." He is munching away at something with admirable content-

ment. It will be the easiest thing in the world for any mother to explain these pictures.

The value of the art work lies chiefly in the fact that it is a kind of sublimated child work. If youngsters could draw and color as well as the D'Aulaires, they themselves might make just such pictures. That is why they will seem to you (as they have seemed to me) so touching and tender. Practically all the illustrations could be copied by a somewhat talented child, and yet there is none which does not testify to genuine creative talent. It is in every way a splendid book, which I warmly commend. Owing to the textual difference, there is a Catholic and a Protestant edition of the book. The Catholic one has the imprimatur.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

"Gentle Hearts"

Stephen Foster—America's Troubadour, by John Tasker Howard. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. \$3.50.

THERE was a time in American history when, despite the rigors of pioneering, a certain gentleness of spirit, a certain unity permeated our home life. It was long before music came to be served on a revolving disc, many years before a diverse cacophony could be had by the easy turning of a button on the wall. It was a long-ago period when the people who wanted music had a definite part in the making of it: musically, a happy time, for then a song was sung for its own sake. It produced our only folk music; it also produced Stephen Foster.

Pittsburgh of a century ago was an outlying town, struggling for industrial life, just beginning to talk about railroads. Here, in 1826, Foster was born. Not a musical center, certainly, but a community which typified a certain kind of living. There was music in Foster's home, and, what is more important, there was music in his heart. The first song was composed while he was still in his teens. He produced hundreds more before he came to die at the early age of thirty-eight.

Many of these songs are imbued with a sweet and haunting simplicity that needs no technical filigree to give it immortality. Such melodies as "Old Folks at Home," "Way Down upon the Swanee River," "Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold, Ground"—songs that may be heard in many languages—such melodies as these could have sprung only from a spirit of depth, feeling, sympathy: which is to say a spirit buffeted and assuaged by every sort of emotion.

We regret Foster's pitiable death in the charity ward of Bellevue Hospital, yet we will long revere his songs. And, it is inevitable that one should note that the only scrap of paper which the hospital superintendent found among his clothes contained words which epitomized Foster's feelings, words which were doubtless intended for another song: "Dear Friends and Gentle Hearts."

Mr. Howard's book is done with an authoritative and thorough scholarliness. It studies an age as well as a man, both of which were important and interesting.

ERIC DEVINE.

A HOSTEL AT OXFORD UNIVERSITY

EXCLUSIVELY FOR RELIGIOUS
Conducted by
THE SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME OF NAMUR
Under the patronage of
HIS EXCELLENCY
THE ARCHBISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM
For particulars apply to the Sister Superior
115 Woodstock Road, Oxford, England

SAINT ANTHONY'S GUILD

Of the Franciscan Monastery

Paterson, New Jersey

Invites the Readers of

THE COMMONWEAL

To the Second Annual Exhibition
Of Its Religious Paintings and Drawings

By C. BOSSERON CHAMBERS

Carnegie Hall March 27 through April 13

CAN A COMEDY BE CLEAN?

MAX GORDON'S

answer is

ROLAND and LAURA HOPE
YOUNG CREWS
(In Person) in

"Her Master's Voice"

A new Comedy by CLARE KUMMER

with ELIZABETH PATTERSON and FRANCES FULLER

APPROVED by the WHITE LIST

ENDORSED by the
CATHOLIC ACTORS' GUILD

ACCLAIMED by EVERY CRITIC

"Roland Young and Laura Hope Crews are back—and a good thing it is, too."—Brooks Atkinson, N. Y. Times.

"It is steadily enjoyable. . . . I do not recollect any light drama of the new season that is sunnier. . . . A pleasant adventure which I leave to you with my blessings."—Percy Hammond, Herald Tribune.

"There is a laugh in practically every line," says Robert Benchley in the New Yorker.

6th Month at the

PLYMOUTH THEATER

45th STREET, WEST OF BROADWAY

Eves. 8:40: \$1, \$1.50, \$2, \$3

Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:40: \$1, \$1.50, \$2. Plus Tax

GOOD COUNSEL COLLEGE

White Plains, N. Y.

A Catholic College for Women

Registered by the University of the State of New York. Membership in leading Educational Associations.

Bachelor of Arts. Pedagogy.	Bachelor of Science. Secretarial Course.
Beautiful location. Extensive campus.	Forty minutes from New York. Athletic Field.

**COLLEGE OF SAINT TERESA
WINONA, MINNESOTA***For the Higher Education of Catholic Women*

Registered for Teacher's License by the New York Board of Regents. Accredited by the Association of American Universities. Holds membership in the North Central Association of Colleges. Confers the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Science, and Bachelor of Science in Nursing. Trains High School Teachers; trains Vocational Specialists.

Attendance Exclusively Collegiate

Address: THE SECRETARY, Box K

BETHANY REST HOUSE

(Conducted for Women by the Maryknoll Sisters)

DELIGHTFULLY SITUATED AMONG THE WESTCHESTER HILLS
Spacious Grounds—Modern Structure—Excellent Table and Service
Comfort and Refinement—Chapel—Daily Mass

REASONABLE RATES

Sr. Directress, BETHANY HOUSE, Ossining, Maryknoll, P. O., N. Y.
Tel. No. Ossining 1452**TRINITY COLLEGE**

WASHINGTON, D. C.

An Institution for the Higher Education of Women

Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur. Accredited by the Association of American Universities. Graduates eligible for membership in American Association of University Women.

For particulars, address

THE REGISTRAR OF THE COLLEGE

College of Notre Dame of Maryland

Charles Street Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

A Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women

Affiliated with the Catholic University of America

Registered by University of the State of New York and by the Maryland State Board of Education. Accredited by the Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools of the Middle States and Maryland. Member of the America Council of Education. Courses leading to the Degree of Bachelor of Arts. Address Registrar.

NOTRE DAME PREPARATORY SCHOOL

*Resident and Day Pupils Address Secretary***MT. ST. MARY-ON-THE-HUDSON**

Newburgh, New York, offers your daughter

1. Training for character and health in an atmosphere, healthful, distinctive, Catholic.
2. Intellectual standards accredited by the University of the State of New York and the Association of the Middle States and Maryland.
3. Modern fireproof buildings.
4. Sixty-eight acre campus overlooking the Hudson.
5. Athletic field and new Gymnasium.

Illustrated booklet upon request. Sisters of St. Dominic

ROSEMONT COLLEGE

Rosemont, Pa.

Conducted by the Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. A College for Catholic Women. Incorporated under the laws of the State of Pennsylvania with power to confer Degrees in Arts, Sciences and Letters. For resident and non-resident students. Situated eleven miles from Philadelphia on the Main Line of the P. R. R. Address Registrar

St. Hilda Guild, Inc.

Church Vestments, Alter Linen

Ecclesiastical Embroidery

Conferences with reference to the
adornment of churches

Old Embroidery Transferred

131 EAST 47th Street NEW YORK

ELdorado 5-1053

Briefer Mention*Van Gogh, by J. Meier-Graefe. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.*

THIS has been widely hailed as the definitive biography of that strange and tortured genius of modern art who finally died in a mad-house. It follows sympathetically and in detail all the twisting trails of Van Gogh's uncompromising pursuit of art as his religion, his renouncement of the world for it, his horror of the devils in disguise who were nearer the normal than himself, his inability to get along with others and his repudiation of the necessity of making any concessions to others in order that he might earn his daily bread, while he professed a huge love of humanity, especially of the poor, and depended on a stipend from his brother who was poor. There is in all this tragic disorder and contradiction a prototype of many wasted years. In the book are numerous black and white illustrations of Van Gogh's paintings which show his peculiar strength in line but naturally give scarcely any hint of his erratic violence in color.

The Making of Americans, by Gertrude Stein. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.00.

MISS STEIN must be a very interesting person. We judge from Professor Fay's introduction to the present volume that her laughter is infectious, her taste in art good and her awareness of living in the present impressive and vital. But it is another thing entirely to find Miss Stein's books interesting. The present volume gives the impression of indulging in naïveté for its own sake, and in mystification for the sake of something else—just what remains uncertain. There are striking passages, mostly of reflection; but the whole is a drain on time and sympathy which the average reader will find himself unable to stand. The book is about the Hersland family, who spent some time in Bridgeport. But the present reviewer will boldly confess that he knows less about this family now than when he sat down to read Miss Stein's chronicle of their activities.

CONTRIBUTORS

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., writer and lecturer, is the author of many books, among them "The Thirteenth, the Greatest of Centuries."

CLIFFORD J. LAUBE is on the staff of the New York Times.

ROBERT WHITCOMB contributes articles to current periodicals.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN, professor of English at Wells College, is a poet and essayist. His latest book is "The Yoke of Thunder."

REV. JAMES A. MAGNER, a priest of the Archdiocese of Chicago, is an observer of Spanish and Latin American affairs.

SEUMAS O'BRIEN is the author of "Duty and Other Irish Comedies," "Blind," "The Cobbler's Den" and other works.

WITTER BYNNER, poet and playwright, is the author of many books, among the latest of which are "Indian Earth" and "Eden Tree."

PRINCESS NATHALIE TROUBETSKOV of Russia was in the entourage of the late Russian imperial family and has contributed articles to English and American newspapers and magazines.

REV. JOHN A. O'BRIEN is director of the Newman Foundation in the University of Illinois.

ROSS J. S. HOFFMAN is professor of history at New York University.

E. O'MALLEY is with the Irish Tourist Association of New York City.

ERIC DEVINE is staff writer for *Country Life* and a contributor to other periodicals.